

BABE RUTH Part 3

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 1, 1974

60 CENTS

END OF AN ERA

N.C. State
stops UCLA



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BOTTLED IN FRANCE

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Orange

Triple.....
Orange

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PARIS — FRANCE

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Firestone Steel Radial 500. The only radial that's got it all. Only from Firestone.

Firestone
Steel Radial 500
The Gas Saver

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Next week

WAITING FOR HENRY to hit home runs T14 and T15 is the nation's preoccupation as the baseball season approaches, but there are other matters of moment, too, as William Leggett reports in a look-ahead. A pictorial review captures the dusty appeal of the Pete Rose-Bud Harrison playoff pugilism. Scouting reports assess the strengths and frailties of all the teams, and Ron Finkle provides an intimate portrait of San Francisco Outfielder Bobby Bonds, a superb player getting better. Plus an account from Caracas of the Foreman-Norton fight and the rest of the week's news and features.

Who ever said a car had to be big to be luxurious?

The car you see here is brand new this year. The Chevelle Malibu Classic. And the news it brings—if you're serious about finding a luxurious car in the mid-size, mid-price range—is very good indeed.

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1974 Chevelle Malibu Classic:



Outside, more than styling. Character.

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But notice, much more importantly, the poise of



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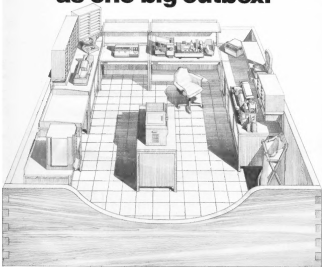
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The Great Outdoors needs SOAR heads! Join the Boy Scouts and the Youth of America. The Great Outdoors needs YOU.

The original SOAR heads are the Scouts of America. For the past several years, they have been working on Project SOAR . . . Save Our American Resources. Last year, on one day, 4 million Scouts and adults cleaned up 470,000 miles of highway and shoreline, 1,300,000 acres of park and other public lands. They planted more than 300,000 trees.

This year, the Boy Scouts will be concentrating on a continuing program of cleaning up our lakes, rivers, beaches and marshes, on tree planting and litter prevention. By themselves, they'll do a great job. With your help, it could be tremendous.

Every single SOAR head can make a real difference.

You may be only one person, but you are one of approximately 128 million fishermen, campers and boating enthusiasts in the United States. And you are one who really appreciates the beauty of the great outdoors. And you are one who is experienced in the ways of nature. You and your fellow outdoorsmen are a potent force for constructive action.

Take, for instance, Clean Water . . . absolutely essential, you'll agree, for fishing, boating, even camping. Think what could happen if every one of that 128 million really involved himself in the preservation and purification of our water resources.

First and foremost, check up on yourself.

- ... Pick up your bait packages, cold drink cans, lunch bags.
- ... Equip your boat with litter bags and holding tanks, and use them.
- ... Put out your campfire completely.
- ... Don't use the lake or river for a washbub.
- ... Take out a pailful of water for cleaning utensils and clothing.
- ... Take a few minutes and clear away debris from a feeder stream.
- ... Leave the grasses and nesting grounds surrounding the water area undisturbed.

... Teach the youngsters who go with you how to fish, camp and boat without disturbing their environmental surroundings.

... Don't be shy. If you spot a fellow sportsman littering, remind him to leave the place a little better than when he found it.

Next, involve others. Spread the Good Word.

- ... Talk about Project SOAR, every chance you get.
- ... Show "Clean Waters" at your next club, lodge or church meeting. This is a fine new filmstrip, in full color, produced by the American Fishing Tackle Manufacturer's Association.
- ... Put this ad on your company bulletin board or reproduce it in the company paper. Plan an outing to plant shrubs and trees along neighboring shorelines to prevent siltation.
- ... Conserve water at home. Get your family and neighbors checking the amount of detergent they use per washload, and encourage them to chill water in the refrigerator, instead of running the tap, to water gardens only when necessary.
- ... Organize support for legislation which will help save our water for recreational needs, as well as drinking, bathing and industrial use. Point out, for example, that marshlands provide a successful (and free) form of flood control because of their ability to absorb water.

You can think of many more ways to fight pollution and to preserve our natural water resources. The Boy Scouts, and the youth of America, need your help. After all, the quality of our environment is everyone's concern.

For further information on how you can help, or on the "Clean Waters" Filmstrip, write: Project SOAR-Coordinator, Boy Scouts of America, No. Brunswick, N.J. 08902



A painting of a cowboy herding cattle across a field at dusk or dawn. The scene is misty and atmospheric, with a large tree on the right and rolling hills in the background. The text "Come to Marlboro" is overlaid on the lower half of the image.

Come to Marlboro

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av.
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Superior and more attractive as the TLV Speed Reading Course has proven to be, the cost to your company or organization is remarkably low. How low? Well, while costs naturally vary according to the number of students involved, some large organizations now using the TLV Speed Reading Course find their per-student cost averaging out to less than \$30 per person.

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TIME-LIFE VIDEO: "THE DEFINITIVE COMMUNICATORS"

SCORECARD

EDITED BY ANDREW CRICHTON

HARD TIMES

The annual speculation over who will become the first black golfer to play in the Masters completely misses the point, Harold Denovant claims. The real question, he says, is whether there will be any qualified black golfers at all several years from now.

Denovant is head pro at New York City's Kipsen Park Golf Course and one of the few blacks in the country to hold such a job. He points out that the eight black regulars on the PGA tour are all graduates of the old "black tour," which is faltering for lack of sponsorship. Last fall only one black, Nate Starks, made it to the PGA tour qualifying school, and he was fortunate to win his playing card.

"If there are at least 20 more black golfers with the potential to make the cut every week on the PGA tour," Denovant says, "but first they need tournament experience to get there. And where will they get that? Not with athletic scholarships on the white college circuit. Certainly not as amateurs on the white private country-club circuit."

Denovant is trying to keep the black tour alive by enlisting the aid of equipment and apparel manufacturers, but so far without much luck. "If something can't be put together soon," he says, "in six or seven years there won't be a single black player on the pro tour, let alone playing in the Masters."

EDTENA!

Every allitrophobe knows that the first person the family cat zeroes in on is him. No sooner has the victim settled in for an evening of good talk and a spot of the host's best booze when pun starters over and starts picking his finest suit apart or lands with a startling thump on his shoulder from the top of the grandfather clock. Shooting is useless. Kicking is satisfying, but it generally means the guest will never be invited again. Taking compassion on her friends, a cat-loving New York hostess searched for and found what she regards as the perfect

solution. She equips guests with a fully loaded water pistol, and a delighted marksman reports that a shot straight between the clear blue eyes of a Siamese works wonders. Allitrophiles, wild horses wouldn't drag the name of either of these scoundrels out of us.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

As the bidding intensifies for the ball Henry Aaron hits for his 715th home run—at week's end \$15,000 from Baltimore businessman Julio Gonzalez appeared to be top, exceeding the \$13,111 offer from two Greene County Georgians—a gentleman who insists his name is Lance Boyle cut the absurd grand-standing down to size. Calling in to Myron Cope's radio talk show in Pittsburgh last week, Boyle posed this situation: you are playing the outfield and Aaron slaps a soft single your way. You trap the ball, but fall down heavily and are inordinately slow getting up. When you do, holding the shoulder of your throwing arm, you are obviously in pain and disoriented. Somehow, as you stumble here and hesitate there, Aaron crosses the plate with an inside-the-park homer, and you never do get rid of the ball. Not if you're smart, you don't.

HUDDLE THROUGH MATES

Add to the endangered-species list the Henley Regatta. For 134 years oarsmen have made the pilgrimage to the picturesque course on the River Thames and just last year set a record with 242 crews, 30 of them American shells. There is a financial crisis, however, and unless the governing stewards solicit a large bundle of cash the regatta is in trouble, according to Secretary Antony Hansen.

One scheme to save the four-day meeting involves building luxury homes not far from the river, but that is sure to meet stiff resistance from local people, who take pride in the quaint town and lawn lawns that form a backdrop for one of England's most prestigious sporting-social events of the year.

On the brighter side, the storied bars under the blue-and-white striped tents in the various enclosures did their usual brisk business at the last Henley, and admissions to viewing spots held up admirably. "If worst came to worst—and it would have to be the worst," says Hansen, "we would have to accept sponsorship." It is hard to believe there won't always be a Henley.

SHIRING TIGER

This is the Year of the Tiger on the Chinese calendar and, they hope, the year Auburn, LSU, Clemson, Texas Southern, Memphis State, Missouri, the University of the Pacific and Princeton, among others, will roar out of the football jungle to certain victory over lesser animals.

GUPPY LOVE

Here is a fish story to begin all fish stories: Oscar, a 1½-inch-long blue-green Siamese fighting fish, is in love. The object of his affection is Karol Kluge, a freshman at St. Gregory's College in Shawnee, Okla. Oscar lives an otherwise sedate life in the fishbowl of the Rev.



Victor Roberts, a faculty member and Oscar's owner and provider. But Karol has been feeding the creature, and every time she enters the Rev. Roberts' office, Oscar, who has studiously ignored his master, waves his tail and then swims back and forth, as beside himself as a puppy. Karol has tested their relation-

—continued

The "typical" American car buyer:

Even in a smaller car,
he/she can still get
a steering wheel that
adjusts to his/her size.

HEIGHT: You name it
Tilt Wheel Steering
adjusts to tall, short
and in-between.

BACK: Place it in a
more comfortable
driving posture as
you change the
steering wheel
position.

ARMS: Relax!
Move them to
where they
feel best.

NECK: No
need to crane
if you're short.
The wheel adjusts
down as easily
as up.

HANDS: While
you drive, use
them to adjust the
wheel to your
most comfortable
position.

LEGS: Slip 'em
easily into the
car by moving
the steering
wheel up.

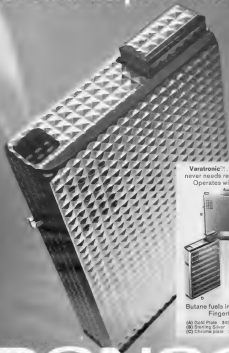
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ship by calling to Oscar from behind a door. Always it is the same: wiggles, happy wiggles.

NO FALL GUY

The best man at last month's NCAA wrestling championships at Iowa State never lifted a finger to prove the point. Wade Schalles, a senior from Clarion (Pa.) State, with an extraordinary record, was declared ineligible for the university division tournament because he had enrolled briefly at another school the summer prior to his freshman year, so he watched from the sidelines as wrestlers he had beaten previously took titles in the 150-, 158- and 177-pound divisions and a second at 167 pounds. The 177-pounder, Floyd Hitchcock of Bloomsburg (Pa.) State, was named the tournament's outstanding wrestler. Earlier this season Schalles stepped up from 158 pounds to 177 to challenge Hitchcock because, he said, "he was the best wrestler in that tournament and I wanted to see what I could do against him." What he did was pin Hitchcock so suddenly that the referee almost failed to call the fall.

Schalles does not look like a wrestler. His gangly body is unreciprocated by anything that might be classified as a muscle, but he does have the ego of a winner. Asked two years ago on national TV when did he think he had his match for an NCAA title won, he told Frank Gifford, "As soon as I stepped on the mat."

LINEUP

One of the latest intellectual parlor games is analyzing football players. Anybody can play—and plenty of people do—but the man probably best qualified in wondering if the game might be better off without him. He is Dr. Arnold Mandell, a scholarly psychiatrist who spent the last two seasons visiting with the San Diego Chargers as the only team shrink in the National Football League. "Pro football," he wrote in a study, "is not the place for a psychiatrist. I found that by helping to alleviate a player's problems I was making him happier but perhaps not as successful."

Even so, Dr. Mandell added to the growing body of observations, some scientific, some not, by splitting personality traits according to position. He concluded that quarterbacks are the most arrogant players. One type is apt to say, "Heat up the water. I don't want to walk out while it's cold." Another, a religious

type, is humble before God but no one else. He is anxiety-free and feels he has a direct line to the Lord.

"Fullbacks are honest, tough, no-nonsense," the doctor writes. "Halfbacks are sneaky, elusive. Both are aggressive, but while the fullback will punch you in the nose, the halfback will stab you in the back."

Offensive guards are tremendously interested in details, tackles are slower of thought and wide receivers elegant and vain. Dr. Mandell found defensive backs to be generally alienated and depression prone. "They are aggressive but are always getting beaten up because of their size. I found five or six had suicidal depression."

Linebackers are analytical, intelligent and highly controlled. "They'll kill if given permission. They are the ones who would make excellent assassins." Defensive linemen will kill, too, "but only for the fun of it. They are usually casual and sloppy."

Thus, in Dr. Mandell's view, the violent world of pro football. Not even Freud would tackle that gang.

THE OLD BOG

Inflated costs and high living have caught up with the University of Texas. Despite enjoying one of its most successful sports seasons, the school lost \$92,871 on athletics during the past fiscal year and expects a \$250,000 deficit in fiscal year 1974. For the first time it will ask for contributions from boosters, probably as much as \$300,000 in order to fund scholarships.

One other looming expense is for new Astro-Turf to replace that purchased five years ago at \$400,000 for Memorial Stadium and a nearby practice field. Heavy use of the facilities by intramural groups and the Longhorn band as well as varsity athletes has worn the nap thin. The artificial turf is good for two more years, but the athletic department decided to take advantage of a manufacturer's warranty and buy now before the price, already up \$80,000, doubled. Total cost of the new installation: \$300,000.

BAD AIM

Hunters form a powerful lobby, one that no many politicians are willing to buck no matter what the issue nor how shortsighted the result. As a case in point, we cite a bill that flew through both houses of the Maryland General Assembly one week in March. It would prevent the

state's Department of Natural Resources from banning the use of lead shot on waterfowl. Two years ago Maryland had become the first state to impose such a ban, reacting to the alarming number of birds that die of poisoning after ingesting the spent shot.

Maryland's 40,000 hunters complained that the substitute steel shot was less accurate and more expensive than the lead shot. "Steel shot costs twice as much and tears up your gun barrel," Delegate Carlton Duce told the House. "Anybody who says it doesn't is a liar."

No one argued with Duce. The points were thoroughly aired when the ban was first proposed. But the argument then was that it was better to have something to shoot at, however inaccurately or expensively, than to have no game at all.

Fortunately, the lead men have not had the last say. Governor Marvin Mandel can fail to sign the bill or, if he does sign it, the U.S. Department of Interior may yet impose a ban of its own. The expected federal move is being delayed for an environmental impact analysis.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

The National Marine Fisheries Service is having a naming contest. It feels that more appealing handles might boost the sale of rattfish, cancer crab, gray grunt, wolffish, jack and saucer-eye porpies. Let's see. Bannysish, happy crab, gay marn, riding haddock. But one-eyed jacks, that would be wild.

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Giacomin, 34-year-old New York Ranger goalie, who has been gray-haired since he was 19: "My decision to make goalkeeping a career might have had something to do with it."
- Henry Aaron, on why he rejected a Hollywood movie offer after making three TV shows there: "I got tired of looking at Rob-Royes and I wanted to drive my Chevrolet. I got to hit a lot of slides to buy a Rob-Royce."
- Steve Smith, asked who might be the first man to vault 20 feet: "Somebody who can run as fast as John Carlos and carry a pole at the same time."
- Martha Watson, asked how she liked Moscow after winning the 60 and long jump against the Russians: "It's not a tourist trap."
- Ed Batagowski, NBA referee, asked where his daughter was born: "Philadelphia at Milwaukee."

END

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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 5, 1974

NOTHING COULD



BE FINER

And nothing could be sweeter for North Carolina State. Marquette was a breeze in the first game, but the Wolfpack really won the NCAA championship when it beat UCLA
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

To recall what team North Carolina State beat in the finals to win its first NCAA basketball championship, it may soon be necessary to dig into the appropriate record book. The answer: Marquette, and by the score of 76-64, in Greensboro on the night of March 25, 1974. Big deal. What will surely be more memorable—unforgettable in the South—is the semifinal, played two days earlier, for it was then that the Wolfpack truly won the title, beating UCLA 80-77 in double overtime, the first time in eight years the Bruins had not continued on to win the championship.

Nor will the Wolfpack heroes soon be forgotten, from the gangling Tom Burleson, who held UCLA's Bill Walton to a draw and denied Marquette shooters access to their basket all night, to that giant of a guard, Moe Towse with his adept ball control and sharp passes. But above all there was David Thompson, literally, constantly, above all, 6'4" in the N.C. State guidebook but 8'4" off the backboards. When everything else is forgotten, Thompson will still be up there, elegantly floating in to take a pass, and dropping it through for two. One of these days someone ought to tell him that it is all over. The UCLA whammy is dead. The Marquette defense has been broken. The NCAA championship is his, and Towse's, and Burleson's and the others'. And that on the way down, please, he should not fall on his head.

That is what had concerned State most before the weekend began, that and what to do about Walton, of course. Wearing 15 stitches as a result of his spectacular high dive in the regional finals the week before, Thompson might have been expected to be less than his usual reckless self. State need not have worried.

The championship game was virtually decided late in the first half with a play on which, ironically, Marquette took the lead. When Marcus Washington was whistled for charging into Thompson after his driving score put the War-

riors ahead 28-27, Coach Al McGuire screeched loudly—too loudly—and was hit with a technical foul. Thompson drilled home three free throws and Burleson twisted for a layup to make the score 32-28 State. Less than a minute later, after Burleson had scored again, the Warriors' Bo Ellis was called for goaltending another Wolfpack basket and McGuire was up and on the court again.

Zap, another T ("The technicals sure gave us a lift," Thompson was to say later) and Marquette went to the locker room down 39-30.

The game really got out of Marquette's reach five minutes into the second half when State built a 19-point lead. From then on State Coach Norman Sloan turned a rout into something of a sick joke by ordering the most explosive college basketball team in many years into his beloved "time delay."

This is a tactic long favored by the Carolina coaching fraternity, although to an outsider its only recommendation is the tendency to turn a one-sided game back into a contest. Sloan almost succeeded in accomplishing that as Marquette cut the deficit to nine points with 10 minutes remaining. But while the Marquette players were staring up toward the rafters, wondering if Thompson was going to attack again, Towse and Moe Rivers slipped beneath their gate to keep the Warriors from getting any closer.

If staging the NCAA finals for the first time in the heart of the South seemed the obvious ploy for an *ambush of royalty*, it must be remembered that Greensboro was selected four long years ago, before Walton or Burleson had joined their varietals and before Thompson had a firsthand understanding of what a "cerebral concussion" was. In their separate ways both Sloan and John Wooden found off any comic meanings (or sinister motives) attached to the site. "We've had the finals in Los Angeles, too, you know," said the Wizard of Westwood.

N.C. State's boss was heard to remark, "We're just visitors" and complain that the area press "looks at basketball through pale blue eyes"—a snappy snap

continued

With no place to go except down to defeat, Marquette's Walton is destroyed by Burleson.



NCAA continued

at State's sister institution, North Carolina, which has pale blue for a school color and which was the host university for the tournament.

Of the many local screamers, in fact, many had to be Tar Heel supporters, among whom feelings were divided. "I've never rooted for UCLA," said one of these nice people, "but I hope State gets beat by a thousand."

The magnitude of the UCLA-North Carolina State rematch did not go undetected by Marquette's McGuire or Ted Owens of Kansas, the antagonists in the other semifinal. At a small party on Friday evening attended by all the competing coaches except Sloan, who was off somewhere undoubtedly selecting his wardrobe, McGuire said he was just glad to play in the "B class division" while Owens expressed pleasure at coaching in the "preliminary."

Their game, sadly, lived down to these expectations. Though any contest featuring Marquette's annual cast of sweet fighters against a midlands crew with a Cook, a Knight and a guy named Montingmar who insists he is not an Indian, could not lack for color, the Warriors' 64-51 victory produced few dramatics.

Kansas struggled to a one-point lead at the half, but after McGuire charged out his troops (the coach and little Lloyd Walton had a shouting match in the locker room), after Washington bombed over the enemy zone and after Maurice Lucas took the boards, and with them the game, into his own hands, the Jayhawks fell apart and succumbed to Marquette's video-n'-stones defense. As Ellis was shutting off KU's Norman Cook, Earl Tate took care of Roger Moringstar, and only reserve Rick Suttle played up to par for Kansas.

The second semifinal, by contrast, was even better than it looked, which is to say it was a game for the ages. Not only did it bring together teams No. 1 and 2 in the land, but its main matchups included four of the finer players in the sport—Barstow vs. Walton, Thompson vs. Keith Walker—and there was no hiding the bad blood that remained from their first meeting back in the snows of St. Louis when UCLA blew out N.C. State 84-66.

"A real whippin'," the Bruins' Tommy Curtis called that one, and Wooden

kept adding psychological fuel. "I want State to dwell on that 18-point margin," he said.

Sloan, meanwhile, kept his verbal distance. In between snaking sidelong glances at the patchwork head of Thompson, he expressed skepticism at the "aw-Woodenlike" remarks. State Forward Tim Stedard was more to the point. "We know they aren't 18 points better than us," he said, "but what's more important is that they know it."

On the day the Californians arrived in Greensboro, Walton stepped off the plane with sandals on his feet and a bag of fruit in his hand. As UCLA practiced behind closed doors, the Wolfpack worked out 80 miles away on its home court in Raleigh before a crowd of 6,000. Different strokes for different folks.



Wooden was left to ponder the what-ifs

Though the Bruins went into their normal weekend isolation act—among other things, UCLA is the Howard Hughes of college sport—Andre McCarter did emerge at one point to discuss the possibility of UCLA's losing. "I won't believe it," he said. "It just doesn't fit into history."

Well, it took another giant to knock off the giant, it took David to beat Goliath, and, finally, it took a dwarf to topple the dynasty, but it happened. Long ago Sloan had told his men they could be one of the great teams of all time, but it is inconceivable that even Barstow, Thompson and the lovable lightning bug, Towse, betwined him before Saturday. Before the Wolfpack came back from 11 points behind in the second half, not once but twice, and from seven points behind

While Thompson was also dousing much of the UCLA game, Towse scowled around below.

is the second overtime. Before this there-
some combined for 25 baskets and State's
final 24 points of the game. Before the
raging Barleson battled the magnificent
Walton on even terms. Before Thompson
showed off his skydiving routine again
and again as the cries mounted and—
finally—before Towse went to the line
with 12 seconds left in the game to make
the two clinching free throws.

Then it was done. After 50 minutes
of thrills, spills, moon shots, mistakes,
courageous comebacks, bungled leads,
concentrated fury and one of the most
beautiful contests ever played, North
Carolina State had beaten the seven-year
national champions 80-77. The Wolf-
pack knew how good it was. And so
did UCLA.

It is probably demeaning to both teams

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GARDNER AND JAMES O'HARA



But a State crowd rejoiced in what was

to say, as UCLA's Dave Meyers did,
"We beat ourselves" or as Towse did,
"Nothing can compare to beating Mary-
land in the ACC finals." For, to answer
Towse, this game was more important,
and to counter Meyers, both teams had
many opportunities to win or lose long
before the end.

How State finally succeeded was sim-
ple enough. The Wolfpack forced the
Bruins to start their offense further out
than they like, and State stopped the
backdoor plays as Thompson held his
former names, Wilkes, to five baskets
in 17 attempts while scoring 28 points
himself. Towse buzzed around the UCLA
guards until they finally got tired of wait-
ing and started tripping over him, and
Barleson prevented Walton from deman-
ing. Though Big Red had the edge

in points and rebounds, 29-20 and 18-14,
tall Tom actually prevailed on more big
plays.

Barleson made a magnificent one ear-
ly in the second half. At that stage UCLA
had rushed to a 49-38 lead and it seemed
like school was out when State missed
again as Walton controlled a defensive
rebound, held it high overhead, and
looked upcourt.

Then, from behind his rival, the 7'4"
Barleson dived in to pluck the ball out
of Walton's hands and quickly lay it in
the basket. As Walton ran back on of-
fense he snarled at Barleson, swearing
vengeance. And indeed, UCLA went to
another big margin, 57-46, with 11 min-
utes to go. But State was not through this
time, either. As Towse cracked the whip,
teasing down the lane or firing football-
type passes from midcourt, the Pack
came back. Scoring 10 straight points, it
closed to 57-56, then to 61-60, and, aston-
ishingly, went into the lead at 63-61 when
Thompson vanished into the rafters
again with still another sky-lob basket
and a three-point play.

With 31 seconds remaining and the
score tied at 65, Walton missed a hook
and Barleson rebounded. But, after a
State delay offense, the burly Stoddard
missed an open corner shot with five
seconds left that would have won the
game in regulation. Again, in the first
overtime, it was State's game to win af-
ter Stoddard stole a pass from Greg Lee,
enabling the Wolfpack to hold the ball
once more, and Thompson drove for the
payoff with 10 seconds to go. Instead of
shooting himself, however, he passed off
to Barleson, whose short spin turn
bounced off the rim.

Wouldn't anybody win this thing? Cer-
tainly UCLA seemed on its way in the
second overtime, after Walton and
Wilkes took the Bruins to a 74-67 lead
with 1:27 remaining. But still State would
not quit. The Pack pressed tighter,
opened up the floor, caused turnovers
and got every offensive rebound it need-
ed. Just like that, UCLA's lead was down
to one. And after Meyers missed a crit-
ical one-and-one with 1:16 on the clock,
Thompson leaped one last time, banked
a jumper over Wilkes, and the Wolfpack
was ahead 76-75. Ahead to stay.

Moments later Lee missed a long one-
lander and, underneath, Wilkes was

called for pushing Thompson. David
made both free throws, widening the lead
to 78-75. Still later, with 27 seconds to
go, Barleson stole Lee's last pass to Walton.
Curtis fouled Towse, and the little man
made both shots for 80-75.

Now it was over for sure. As Walton
loped down the floor, after—fittingly
enough—scoring UCLA's last basket, he
nodded to his comrade, Lee, as if to say,
"It's O.K." And it was. For afterward,
even as he sat nude in the dressing room
refusing to talk to the press, grinning like
a Cheshire cat and gnawing on a banana,
in defeat Bill Walton knew who he was.

After dressing he shoved his uniform
into a bag and left to sign autographs for
some children. He stopped at the Col-
iseum exit when a man in overalls
grabbed his arm. "Mr. Walton," the man
said, "I work here, and I just want to
shake your hand."

"Thanks," the player said. "And
thanks for all you've done for us."

As the redhead walked out of college
basketball and into the evening drizzle
the game could say the same to him. At
the end Bill Walton didn't even need to
win. He had already fit into history. **WFO**



Although the Walton Gang lost the title, that
hunky clinched the status of its leader.



THE MILLER'S TALE IS A BIG HIT

In a rerun of the season's first three tournaments, Johnny Miller won the Heritage Classic, exuding the confidence of the star he has become

by BARRY McDERMOTT

As the rest of us stoically watched our gas gauges nudge us toward bankruptcy last week, down among the reeds, marshes, plantations and retired admirals of industry and the sea, on a course designed in part by Jack Nicklaus and played by just about everyone who ever made a penguin shirt famous, Johnny Miller struck again. He won another golf tournament, won it while keeping an ear on a basketball game, won it with, among other heroics, a hole in one, won it laughing, blood and beautiful.

The Heritage Golf Classic on Hilton Head Island, S.C. is a seaside oyster, in title a shiny pearl, and Miller went after it with his now familiar bold and brash style. He took the lead the first day, stretched it to a remarkable 10 strokes at one stage and won by three strokes on rounds of 67-67-72-70—276 for his fourth victory of the year.

While the other players staggered around the treacherous Harbour Town course like men in need of iron lungs, Miller handled it as if it were a child's piggy bank, turning it upside down and shaking out the birdies. And to anyone who would listen, he had a simple message. He would win. "I've got my act together," he said. "I don't expect to play any better than I'm playing now."

The statement was characteristic of Miller, whose candor can be as startling as a police car in a seaview mirror. Only 26 years old, he has developed a positive approach. The day may come when people discuss the Miller Attitude the way they do the Vardon Grip. "Sometimes talking like that gets me in trouble," he said. "But it hasn't this year."

Hardly. Miller made history and a legion of autograph seekers when he won the first three tournaments of the season and eventually fashioned a stretch of 23 straight rounds of par or better. His victory in the Heritage gave him a few pennies less than \$150,000 for the year, which is an average of nearly \$17,000 for nine tournaments. Quickly he is transferring a lot of people into yesterday's heroes.

Only late in the third round did his gloss dull, after he had hit a four-iron into the cup for a hole in one on the par-3 7th, which upped his lead to those intimidating 10 strokes. His fans were saying that for his next trick Miller would walk on water, and momentarily the Californian was caught up in the euphoria. He lowered his guard and suddenly

found himself backed against the ropes. "I was worried about UCLA," he admitted later. Instead of concentrating on the game at hand, he started listening to radio reports of the North Carolina State-UCLA semifinal from Greensboro, and on the 11th through the 15th holes he hit some shots the way Bill Walcott would. He missed five straight greens, picked up a double bogey, three bogeys and a par, and the 36-stroke lead was down to four. "I had been yucking it up," he told newsmen later. "All of a sudden, a lot of my lead was gone. I felt like I was dragging an anchor around out there." Then he added, "I'll give you guys a good story if I blow the tournament tomorrow. Which, of course, he did not.

The Heritage is one of those waddy tour events that floats just below the level of a major championship. It is played on a course that Gary Player once called the best he ever had seen, 18 holes that wind through trees, sand traps, creeks and ponds, flanked by the homes of the wealthy, and finish up along the fringe of Calhoun Sound. Jack Nicklaus, having had a hand in designing it, judiciously skips playing on it. Last week was the third straight time he did not play at Hilton Head Island, possibly figuring that solving his income tax was enough irritation for this time of year. Harbour Town's greens are small, its fairways are narrow, and mistakes are costly, as even Miller discovered.

Manufacturing an instant heritage is one of the byproducts of the event. This was only the sixth Heritage Classic, but officials have found an obscure reason to effix the date 1786 to any mention of it, that being the year South Carolina's first golf club was founded. The tournament presents a Scottish motif, and tartan is to the Heritage what green is to the Masters. Scottish bagpipers parade around the grounds each evening and the marshals wear knitted caps, replicas of Scottish tam-o'-shanters, and carry wooden staffs. It all seems a bit contrived for the Deep South, like dressing Rhett Butler up in a kilt.

Early in the week some people were talking about what was wrong with Lee, Bruce and Tom instead of what was right with Johnny. Last year Lee Trevino, Bruce Crampton and Tom Weiskopf won \$770,000 and 10 tournaments, and Weiskopf also won the British Open and the World Senior of Golf. Now, after a

quarter of the season, the trio is playing like the Three Mouseketeers. None of them has won a tournament and their total income is only \$63,500.

The insupportable Trevino was not entered at Hilton Head, but Crampton and Weiskopf were and they offered reasons for their stuttering starts. Crampton blamed some misplaced timing and Weiskopf had an injury that stuck out like a sore thumb. In fact, it was a sore thumb.

By this time last year Crampton had already won twice and had earned some \$90,000. He was last spring's Johnny Miller. He showed up at the Heritage slightly worried, although he had finished sixth in the Citrus Open and third at Doran in previous weeks. "A few weeks ago I was searching for something mechanically wrong with my swing," said the Australian. "Now I've just changed the rhythm back to what it was. I'm hitting the shot now." Then he went out and led the tournament for the first 12 holes on Thursday, ran into a double bogey on the 13th, bogeyed the 17th and 18th holes for a disappointing 71 and spent the rest of the week trying to outguess Harbour Town.

Weiskopf's malady was different. Last summer's Miller, he strained a tendon at the base of his left thumb in a practice round before the Phoenix Open when he hit a three-wood shot. "I can't practice," he said. "I've hit some shots that I haven't hit in years, just terrible golf shots, shots that I didn't think I was capable of hitting." To cure the ailment, he has seen three doctors and is taking two different types of medication as well as an occasional cortisone shot. He belongs in the training room. "I feel like a guy with a big elastic band tied to his back," said Weiskopf ruefully. "I keep trying to get going but I'm barely moving." At the Heritage, however, he showed signs of recovery, finishing tied for sixth.

Trevino spent the week in El Paso, doing some pleasure boating, playing with his six-month-old baby and making a few commercials. He has not won a tournament in a year and there are indications his problems may be deeper than Crampton's or Weiskopf's.

"I did a helluva job with this brown little body," he said, sounding like a man on the verge of retirement. "I'm not going to abuse it anymore." Measuring he plans to play less, concentrating on the major championships.

Putting has been Trevino's trouble. At

February's Los Angeles Open he admitted to having the yips. "My head tells me to bring the blade back but my hands won't let me," he said. And last week he said, "The fact that I haven't patted well has put tremendous pressure on my secondary shots, my irons. I'm afraid if I don't put the ball within 15 feet of the pin, I'll three-putt."

Miller, meanwhile, was a man on his way to a victory. Properly refreshed after a three-week rest that he used to shake a vicious cold, he embraced himself at nearby Palmetto Dunes, a resort he represents. There his wife Linda cooked dinner each evening while he chipped and putted before a gallery of his son John and daughter Kelly or fished local ponds. Miller was bubbling. "My iron game is out of sight," he said one evening. "My average iron is about five feet off line. If I get the distance down, the shot is really stiff. I used to switch clubs every two or three weeks like Arnold Palmer and always fiddle with my swing. Now I've got everything grooved. I guess I'm more professional." Then Miller smiled. Right now golf is a game and life is sweet. Crampton may have a crick in his swing, Weiskopf a wringe in his thumb, Trevino the yips, but Johnny Miller is giving the rest of the pro golfers a pain in the neck. He is winning, laughing, blond and beautiful.

880

When Johnny hits, a bunch is a friend.



NEW DEALER FOR THE RED SOX

Anytime rookie Manager Darrell Johnson cuts the Boston deck he finds a pitcher card. He has across galore, and if some of the other regulars are getting along in years he has a few young braves, too

by PAT PUTNAM

Today, sometime late, the telephone will clamor in the clubhouse of the Boston Red Sox, sprawling spring-training complex at Winter Haven, Fla., and the caller will be Thomas Austin Yawkey, the orphan who succeeded to Yale and became the multimillionaire lumberman who pays those magnificent player salaries. Yawkey, 71, once squired Ruby Keeler in a Stutz Bearcat, but he hasn't driven to a Red Sox spring camp since the team left Sumner in 1958. He has telephoned daily every year since from his plantation in South Carolina. So far this spring all the reports have been upland—except on the day recently when they had to tell him Catcher Carlton Fisk caught a foul tip in the

glove and would miss a full week's work. The rest of the news has been nothing and everything.

The nothing has to do with dizziness, a disabling disease contracted by Boston many, many years ago. Now Darrell Johnson, the demanding but decent rookie manager, has the Red Sox flushing peace signs. When they select sides it is for an intrasquad game, not a clubhouse rumble. As Johnson says, "I don't expect my players to love one another, but I expect them to get along." On that front, Mr. Yawkey, everything is beautiful.

And that awesome pitching corps put together last winter by General Manager Dick O'Connell is looking leaner and meaner every day. Juan Marichal, whom Johnson hopes to start every fifth or sixth day, is having his best spring since he won 18 times in 1971. The other day he pitched five effortless and scoreless innings against the Tigers, and his famous kick was high and handsome as he got a third strike past five hitters. Competition at the other positions has been so fierce, and of such quality, that Johnson says, "I love it. I love every bit of it." But then the rugged duck hunter out of Ord, Neb., has always been surrounded by every facet of baseball.

Long ago, as a boy catcher of limited ability just a month into minor league ball, Darrell Johnson decided that if he could find a way to remain in the game forever, he would do it. Until then he had only played the sport; after that he absorbed it. Remembering that distant moment of determination, he speaks of the places it has carried him.

He spent six years in the major leagues, with stops in seven cities, and every ball park was a classroom. "I got a lot of slivers in my butt," he says, "but I got them sitting next to men like Ralph Houk and Casey Stengel and Fred Hutchinson and Earl Weaver. I didn't play much, but I learned a lot of baseball. They didn't make a move I didn't analyze. I'm certain that if I had been a better player, a regular, I wouldn't be here now. When you're playing you don't have time to

think about the game. You have to concentrate on what you are doing. Me, I had all the time in the world to think."

Johnson pauses for a moment, his green eyes narrowed by thought. Then he goes on, "I learned from all those men, and others. But when I became a minor league manager in 1967, I didn't try to copy any of them. I'm me. When I manage, the managers Darrell Johnson." And so it was Darrell Johnson, not a carbon of another, who took command of the Red Sox last winter. An oval, Boston had finished first in dizziness and last in leaving the bus—and second to the Orioles. Eddie Kasko, who had predicted victory in the division, became the sixth ex-Boston manager since 1960.

Johnson, who had just won the Little World Series with Pawtucket, Boston's Triple A farm in the International League, knew his way around Fenway Park. He had been there in 1968 and 1969 as Dick Williams' pitching coach. "What trades would you like us to make?" Dick O'Connell asked Johnson. The chief Red Sox need was obvious: pitching. Then there was a desire to trade Reggie Smith, the talented outfielder who was feuding with almost as many teammates as he was talking to. Smith already had battled with pitchers Luis Tiant and Bill Lee, and had never been far from a brawl with All-Star Catcher Fisk.

Johnson drew up a list of 10 pitchers he coveted, gave the list to O'Connell and said he would take what he could get. Johnson's next move was to open a line of communication with his players and to let them know where they stood. "I've got no secrets from my players," he says. "When I make up my mind to something about someone, that player will know it right away. If they make up their minds on something about me, I want to hear that right away. And I don't want to hear any past history. If a player has had trouble in the past, I'm wiping the slate clean. He's got a fresh start. If a player has been good, well, he'll just have to prove it all over again."

In his first press conference Johnson

Manager Johnson lent an ear to the masses.



announced that if Rico Petrocelli, who had an elbow operation in August, was healthy, he would be the Boston third baseman. This was surprising news to many, including, no doubt, Petrocelli, who had been waiting two years for Boston to trade him.

In 1969 Petrocelli assaulted the great green wall in Fenway Park for 40 home runs, hit .297 and drove in 97 runs. Then the sensitive, moody infielder started to have trouble with his right elbow. He began to lose strength in his hand. When he threw, it was with intense pain. The injury changed his batting stroke and his hitting fell off. He missed 62 games last year, including the final 47. When he left he was hitting .344, with 13 home runs and 45 runs batted in. Everyone said he had a poor year.

"Poor, hell," says Johnson. "I heard all that and people asked me why I named him my third baseman. I told them to go ask Earl Weaver who his third baseman is and I'll bet he says Brooks Robinson. And nobody will ask him why. Well, Rico had a better year than Robinson. Off his record he was the third best third baseman in the American League."

Johnson shakes his head, then grimaces. "Rico's arm is fit and if he gives me just an average year, I'll be happy. Let's see, that would be 20 to 25 home runs. I'm just glad I've got him."

When O'Connell commenced wheeling and dealing, pitchers arrived by the long ton. First came Dick Drago (12-14) from Kansas City. Then Rick

Wise (16-12), from St. Louis. Not satisfied, O'Connell went back to St. Louis and exchanged those young pitchers for Reggie Cleveland (14-10) and Reliever Diego Segui (17 saves). And finally, O'Connell capped his winter's work by sending \$100,000 of Yankee's \$287 million to San Francisco for Marichal (11-15). All in all, the Red Sox have nine veterans who won 113 games last season, and they have not even begun to tap the wealth Johnson expects to be coming up from Pawtucket. It is going to be fun seeing how Johnson handles all those pitchers, to say nothing about Carl Yastrzemski and the rest.

"After working on different combinations," Johnson says, "I found I was leaning toward the young players, the ones I had with me in the minors, and I decided it wasn't fair to the others. We'll just have to let them fight it out among themselves."

Johnson is not quite sure what he is going to do with Yax or with Tommy Harper, the league base-stealing champion, except that they will play every day, somewhere. Cecil Cooper is up for

his third trial at first, and Johnson is convinced he can make it. If he does, Yastrzemski will play left field and Harper, who cannot throw strongly, might come in and replace Delando Cepeda as the designated hitter. Cepeda hit .289 with 20 home runs last year, but he cannot give Johnson one thing he wants, which is speed.

Even though Luis Aparicio will turn 40 on April 29, the slight shortstop is not going to give up his job without a battle. Each year he loses a little more range, but after 18 seasons in the big leagues he has learned to play the hitters with his head instead of the old quickness. "I'm not about to embarrass myself," Aparicio says. "If I find I can't do the job, I'll quit, and I'll be happy to do so. Maybe in a couple of years." Aparicio is being pushed by Mario Guerrero, his understudy last season, and by Rick Burleson, a sweet glove up from Pawtucket and almost certainly the Red Sox shortstop of the future, if not on April 5 in Milwaukee. After 15 spring games Burleson was hitting .408, Guerrero .321 and Aparicio .316.

Competition! "I love it," says Johnson. "We may go right down to the last day before we can pick the team we'll take north. One thing is for sure, though, if we take any of those young kids with us, they'll go as starters. I told them all that. If Burleson isn't the No. 1 shortstop, down he goes. The kids are our future. We won't waste any of them on a bench."



Boston's pride of pitchers includes these notable newcomers: Juan Marichal (left) from San Francisco and two former Cardinal players, Rick Wise (above) and Reggie Cleveland.





BLOODY GO IN MONTEREY

A two-day, 20-team battle royal puts U.S. rugby on the sprawling out in California **by DAN LEVIN**

American rugby is a game of beefy insults and the slapping of backs. It is a game of collegiate camaraderie and a game of the senses. Nowhere is this better exemplified than at the annual Monterey National Rugby Tournament, held last weekend on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Fittingly, the ocean fog at times held low and pungent for this unique battle royal of the sport. The fog compressed and accentuated the heavenly scents of sage, pine and woodsmoke, and the sounds of rugby, too. Through the din of the crowds came the hollow thudding of

kicks to unprotected rib cages. Even the wrenching of knees seemed audible, the ripping of seams, too, more and more of them as the athletes grew tired. Said Jim Waste, coach of the BATS (Bay Area Touring Side), "I don't know of any sporting event in the world more demanding than what we've got right here."

The demands began at eight o'clock Saturday morning on a polo field adjoining Pebble Beach Golf Course. Each of 32 teams played a 24-minute game to separate the men from the supermen. Then the 16 winners played three more games of 40 minutes each before nightfall. On





A scrum collapses as players struggle to get the ball out to a waiting back.

That was dramatically brought home on the Wednesday before play began, up in San Francisco. Australia's touring New South Wales team, on its way down to Monterey from British Columbia, stopped to play a group of Northern California All-Stars and lost 18-3. The Australians had four members of their country's national team on the field and man for man had far more experience than the All-Stars, but they didn't have the Americans' size and background in football-style tackling.

Sad bummer: Joe Watto, who coached the All-Stars, "Give me six weeks' practice and I'll take them anywhere in the world."

One of the feathery Californians was 23-year-old Jeff Sevy, a 255-pound, 6'5" defensive tackle from Berkeley. Sevy recently signed with Hawaii of the World Football League. He says he signed because he wants to make a living, but that he prefers rugby, "a great social sport, not a hate sport like football."

At Monterey, where they all played for love, not money, Sevy and the other All-Stars returned to their respective teams. Perhaps the biggest players were Sevy's side from Cal at Berkeley where, as at many large California schools, there is a 70-year history of rugby competition. Back in the days when Teddy Roosevelt was lambasting college football as brutal and unsportsmanlike, Cal and Stanford gave up the game and for about 20 years played rugby instead. In the 1930s U.S. sides, composed mainly of Cal and Stanford students, twice won the Olympic Games.

But if football skills and size were the West Coast's strengths at Monterey, they were also its weakness. Old habits were not broken overnight. The New South Welshmen, some with 15 years of rugby experience or more, tackled and went for the ball. The big Americans, some coming late to the sport, seemed to forget the ball and reverted to doing in the runner. And when carrying the ball in heavy going, they held on to grind out an extra yard when they should have been letting go. But they were learning fast. As one Aussie said at Monterey, "The U.S. will be a devastating international force when their big players get a little more experience."

The Monterey tournament was 16 years old last week, which makes it the oldest in the nation. It has always been held somewhere on the Monterey Peninsula, that lush home of rock, pine, surf, money and golf balls. But this was only its fourth year at Pebble Beach or, specifically, at the Colles Polo Field. Polo and Pebble Beach say it about as right as Hope and Crosby, but there are those who have wondered where rugby comes in. During last year's sojournment a man who lived across the street from the polo grounds surprised a rugger and suggested playing Adam and Eve in his front yard. He had other visitors, too, and that was almost it for rugby. The host, Del Monte Properties, owners of the Pebble Beach Golf Course, evicted the ruggers and then abruptly changed their corporate mind and invited them back for last weekend. As Robert W. Campbell, Del Monte P.R. and advertising director, put it, "Most of these players have gone to college somewhere, and some will be bank presidents or presidents of steel companies some day."

But last week none of the 300-odd hairy guys in striped shirts and bandages were acting out their future roles in life. Two of them took that now obligatory sprint to the goal posts and back during a game, clad only in their striped socks. Later one of them said, "That was a rugby move. I'll have plenty of time for polo when I'm old and rich."

END

Sunday the two teams that were still undefeated—Santa Monica, last year's winner, and New South Wales Country—played for the championship in a game 90 minutes long. The Aussies had no trouble with Santa Monica, winning 26-6. Their passing attack was especially impressive in Yankee unlockers. Inasmuch as teams that lost also kept playing, there were four games going at once for nearly the entire weekend. By Sunday afternoon bright broad stripes were dancing before even closed eyes.

The similarity between rugby and football is only superficial. There are no dummies in rugby, no regrouping after offensive rushes, which only end with a penalty call or a ball out of bounds. If the ball is trapped a scrum is formed—that contorted huddle of human limbs. The ball is shunted around underneath, and finally one or two or 32 wildly flailing legs kick it to a waiting back, and the game continues, flowing up and down the field. That is how it was at Monterey, more often than not. U.S. rugby, the best in the world 50 years ago, was getting better and better.

Defeated Yanks and Aussies are proud that players got a ball out of the tournament.

Score pair were the weekend's living end.





UP IN THE AIR IS WHAT THE PLAYOFFS ARE

O.K., you can squeeze out a couple of favorites if you try real hard, but three other teams have a shot at the NBA if they can handle their *its* by **PETER CARRY**

For the first time in the five years since Bill Russell took the fourth-place-in-the-East Celtics to the championship, there will be no clear favorite when the NBA playoffs begin this weekend. No team has ripped the league apart and perhaps the only sure thing is that anyone who lays a second mortgage on the split-level to make a bet is asking for trouble.

But at the same time it would be foolhardy to pick against the two elongated genies seen in superstar position to the left, Milwaukee Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and his Bosnian counterpart, Dave Cowens. They have led their teams to titles in their respective conferences and to the best records in the NBA. But both clubs have problems. At Christmastime, the Celtics had an .813 percentage; they have been playing almost 200 points below that ever since. John Havlicek, injured in the playoffs last spring, is healthy, but Cowens may not be. Indestructible in the past, he has looked tired during the second half of this season. Cowens must be his full, vigorous self if Boston is to sustain the nonstop

turning game that grinds other teams into the floor.

Similarly, Milwaukee won 24 of its first 28 games and then endured a letdown. Still, with Abdul-Jabbar performing well enough to win his third Most Valuable Player award, the Bucks might have been the clear favorites except for an incident that occurred in mid-March. Lucius Allen, their most important guard—good for 17.6 points a game, about six running strides on each fast break and most of their backcourt penetration—ripped a ligament in his knee when he skidded on a warmup jacket while chasing a loose ball out of bounds. After Allen's injury, the Bucks proved that they were not fatally stricken by defeating both the Bulls and the Warriors. But in the playoffs they will miss him sorely.

So the way is open for at least three teams with records less impressive than those of Boston or Milwaukee. New York, Chicago and vastly improved Detroit all have a realistic shot at the title. But they have their frailties, too, and their chances for the big money all start with big "ifs."

IF

no other team beats them, the Knickerbockers will win the championship again. That is not double-talk. That is precisely the way all the challengers see New York's chances in the playoffs. The Knicks' possible route to the title is frightfully iffy, but it starts with the fact that of all the teams involved, the Knicks are least likely to bend under playoff pressures, to make mental or physical errors. It is not a team to beat itself. On the contrary, the Knicks seem to thrive in the playoffs. Their rivals are aware that to eliminate New York they must first of all avoid defeating themselves, which means that they must hold their poise in circumstances that will magnify their flaws and inexperience.



The Knicks are the most experienced—524 playoff games among them—of the strong title contenders, and the smartest as well. The effectiveness of New York's on-court intelligence and disciplined style is enhanced by the playoff format: two teams matched against each other in a series of games for which specific, thoughtful preparation can be made. And conditions that make for upsets during the regular season—exhausting travel schedules and inescapable emotional letdowns on certain nights—are generally absent in the playoffs. So victories are rarely a matter of luck. To win, a team must be nimble enough to spot an opponent's weaknesses as they appear during games and to exploit them immediately. No other NBA club does this as incisively as New York.

Were the winner of the playoffs do-

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Miami, Fla.	480
Minneapolis, Minn.	454
New Orleans, La.	527

MEDIUM CITIES

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Gary, Ind.	598
Nashville, Tenn.	322
Pasadena, Calif.	429
Rochester, N.Y.	457
San Mateo, Calif.	476
Tacoma, Wash.	410

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Bismarck, N.D.	320
Farmington, N.M.	429
Huntsville, Ala.	344
New Castle, Pa.	358
Pocatello, Idaho	271
Rock Hill, S.C.	410
Rutland, Vt.	407

*In all cases, rates are quoted on an annual basis and are those in effect January 1, 1974 for the following coverage: \$25,000/\$50,000 bodily injury, \$50,000 property damage, \$1,000 medical payments, \$50 deductible comprehensive, \$100 deductible collision, Basic Uninsured Motorist, Minimums for fault where applicable. Vehicle: 1973 Chevrolet Nova Custom 4 Dr. 8 Cyl. Principal Operator: 23 years old, unmarried, male, driving 3 years, no chargeable accidents or violations. Use: To and from work 9 miles daily, annual mileage 30,000.

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409	381
511	564
522	425
573	519
439	438
587	516
430	424
483	448
480	462
580	510
465	383
371	336
317	259
390	352
341	295
428	402
396	358
265	292
500	393

Questions are subject to the following modifications: a1. State Farm: Rates do not contemplate a dividend, or membership fee. b1. Bermuda, N.D.—Allstate: \$30,000/100,000 Bodily Injury, \$2,000 Medical Payments. c1. Tacoma, Wash.—State Farm: Buffalo, N.Y.—Allstate: Huddell, Vt.—State Farm: Westville, Ala.—State Farm: Full coverage comprehensive. d1. Farmington, N.H.—Allstate: Cincinnati, Ohio—Allstate: \$25,000 Property Damage. e1. Cincinnati, Ohio—Allstate: \$50,000/100,000 Bodily Injury.

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terminated by written exam, the Knicks would have a moral lock on the championship. However, their record this year was only the league's fifth best, and playoff games must be played out as well as thought out; intelligence alone cannot overcome serious deficiencies in physical talent. That is another "if" for the Knicks. If they are going to make it to the finals, they will have to extract the utmost from the best of their "physical" players, most importantly Forward Dave DeBusschere. "We could have five Albert Einsteins out on the floor and we still wouldn't win," says DeBusschere on the mind vs. matter question. The Knicks are taller, faster and better shooters than Einstein ever was, and their defense is good enough to defuse an atom bomb. But they are not going to win any Nobel Prizes for rebounding (their average of 44.7 per game is the NBA's second worst) or scoring. The Knicks' patient offense has never scored a lot of points, and this year their average of 101.2 a game is next to last in the league.

Center Willis Reed, whose tornious recovery last year from left-knee surgery culminated in an MVP performance in the final playoff round, could markedly help New York if he were in shape. But Reed has missed most of the season recuperating from an operation on his right knee, and although he is embarked on a hasty and courageous comeback, his usefulness to the Knicks, particularly in the initial two rounds, is likely to be slim indeed. Repeated predictions that New York will go nowhere without Willis have led some of his teammates to refer to him behind his back as "The Savior." Although they agree that a healthy Reed

would be a healthy bonus, the Knicks are equally agreed that they can win without him. Their possible playoff opponents, except for Chicago, seem to concur. The Bulls admit to fearing no team, but all the rest would just as soon New York were out of it.

DeBusschere has an extra incentive for the playoffs this year. He will retire when they are over and would like to get in one last hurrah. He has been his team's most consistent rebounder, and he has helped diminish the effects of Reed's absence by putting together the best shooting percentage (56.7) and second-highest scoring average (18.1) of his 12 pro seasons. Ever since he arrived in New York 5½ seasons ago, DeBusschere has been the coach on the floor the Knicks need to set their cerebral style. He has also been the tough defender who has led them to the top in that department five of the last six seasons. DeBusschere will have to do most of the same and then some for the Knicks in the playoffs, particularly if they meet Boston in the Eastern Conference finals. The responsibility for preventing the Celtics from controlling the offensive backboard, as they often did in winning five of seven against New York this year, will fall largely on DeBusschere, although against Boston he has been well under his season's averages in rebounding and scoring. If the Knicks can get past the Celtics—the only possible playoff rival holding a winning record against them—they will have met their toughest challenge. An above-average series from DeBusschere would go a long way toward making that happen. And if it did happen, all the Knicks could be in for a loud last hurrah.

IF the multitude of NBA players who have been provoked, bruised and otherwise abused by Bulls Captain Jerry Sloan were to visit his suburban house outside Chicago, they would be—to put it mildly—surprised. This abrasive man's living room is filled with his valuable collection of rare old pottery. A recent visitor found Sloan on the phone haggling with an antique dealer over the price of a 100-year-old piece of doll's furniture. This is the same Sloan who has left the impression around the NBA that his main interest is in mayhem. Some players regard Sloan as dirty, mean and perhaps a little masochist. Everybody agrees that he is tough.

Those who cannot understand why Sloan is willing to make plays that endanger his and other players' well-paid careers might like to see him in a different setting. Sloan taking a charge, diving for loose balls, fighting through, under and over picks is one thing. Sloan gently handling a piece of his pottery is something else. Sloan can look at the minute symbols on the bottom of a vase and tell you when and where the piece was made, who the potter was and what artist painted it. He has attacked the sub-

ject of crockery with the same intensity with which he assaults the game of basketball. His main purpose is not to create scores on the court; it is just that full throttle in the way he approaches everything.

As the emotional pacesetter for the NBA's most emotionally driven team, Sloan will be the key man for Chicago from the moment the playoffs begin. The Bulls will open against Detroit in the most stressful of the first-round matches. From the start they will require the usual offensive punch from Forwards Bob Love (21.9) and Chet Walker (19.4) and better than usual performances from their trio of anonymous centers. But most of all they will have to ignite the kind of disruption on the floor that is often produced by the fiery play of Sloan and his backcourt mate, Norm Van Lier. ("Van Lier's not playing with a full deck either," said a rival player last week as he discussed the Chicago guards.) Chicago wide open can frustrate smoother teams and even set them to fighting the Bulls instead of playing them.

It is the fifth year in a row for the Bulls in the playoffs, and one thing they are determined to change is their rec-



ord of always being eliminated in the first round. This time emotional factors beyond Sloan's intensity will be working for them. Chicago Stadium, with a capacity crowd in an ear-splitting place. Charged up by Sloan and Van Lear, and by the Mighty Stadium Organ—especially the world's largest—Bulls fans have hangovers to make visitors wish they were playing in a nice, sedate place like Madison Square Garden. This year, for the first time, Chicago will enjoy that home-court advantage in the opening round. The crowds will fan the Chicago fire, particularly against the inexperienced Pistons.

Following last year's bruising battle with Los Angeles,

IF Ray Scott, who has pulled off the coaching job of this—and perhaps any other—season knew what he had to do to turn the Pistons around, he would tell you. Scott is not an evasive man. He directed Detroit to its best record ever and into the playoffs for the first time in six years, but all he can say about his success is that he has used the plays all coaches use. During his 1½ seasons in Detroit there have been benchings, fines, clubhouse meetings, a few puns on the back, tough practices, constant harping on defense and an openness to players' suggestions. This leaves unresolved the question why these tactics work for some coaches and fail for others. In the case of Scott, who enjoys discussing such vagaries, the answer seems even more elusive than usual, if for no other reason than that he has not relied too heavily upon any one of those tactics.

Even Scott's players are puzzled by the nature of their coach's contribution. "I can't tell you what Ray's done, but I know it's worked," says Bob Lanier, who this season became a rare and powerful center at both ends of the floor, scoring 22.5 points a game and keying Detroit's previously tacit defense as it moved up among the league's best.

The most likely explanation is that Scott has succeeded simply by force of personality. The man has undeniable presence. At 6'9" he is taller than all but two Pistons and he stands straighter than any of them. He talks concisely and with self-assurance, his syntax is sound and his huge vocabulary is free of malapropisms. And he is a man who can project an aura of strength with the slightest variation of inflection. As reporters who ask dumb questions and Pistons who make dumb plays have found out, Scott can burn a man's ears without raising his voice or lowering the quality of his language.

Detroit has good enough personnel, particularly in Lanier and Guard Dave Bing, and the defense-oriented attitude necessary to win a championship. Indeed, the Pistons may have one clear advantage over other teams because of Scott's willingness to substitute. He used four forwards and four guards per game

the Bulls realized how close they came to the title. They had led one of the eventual finalists in the last minute of the seventh game before losing. Had they beaten the Lakers, they probably would have been favored over their next two opponents. "That finally convinced us that we're actually as good as our record the last few years has indicated," says Sloan. "Now for the first time we're going into the playoffs thinking not just about somehow getting through the first round, but feeling we can win the whole thing." And they can, but only if Sloan and his teammates hit their opponents with every bulbish trick they know—and maybe a few pieces of poetry as well.

consistently during the regular season, a flexibility that could gain a big edge if lineup need to be shuffled because of injuries during the playoffs. Closest to being irreplaceable among the Pistons are Lanier, Bing and Doc (Smart) Adams, the punchy, balding cornerman who is the team's self-proclaimed intellectual and best defensive forward.

But if the Pistons have the horses to succeed, they may not have quite the horse sense. Their starters have a total of just 12 games of playoff experience. Veterans agree that the pressures of the playoffs are dramatically different from those of the season, and there is no substitute for having run the gauntlet before.

No one realizes this better than Scott, whose own 11-year pro career included 48 playoff games. Detroit's opening round against Chicago will be the test. Scott knows that the Bulls are unlikely to crack under pressure and that to beat them the Pistons must be prepared to go seven tough games. But if the Pistons lose their cool, they could give the Bulls a quick win. With three weeks remaining in the regular season, Scott had already begun working on the Pistons' patience, slowing down their offense during games and practices, trying to force-feed them

the poise they will need in the days ahead.

"The playoffs are when the game goes back to the coaches," Scott says. "You have more control of the team because you're not always running around trying to catch airplanes. You have more time to apply your theories. You can scrutinize scouting reports more clearly and you can intensify your preparations because you are free to concentrate on one team. But that is before the game starts. Once the whistle blows, control reverts to the players. In our case that means we will have to grow up even before we really have had a chance to experience the playoffs. The players will have to force themselves to do things they do not necessarily believe in simply because I tell them they are the right things to do."

If Scott can come up with one more forceful blast of pessimism, Detroit has a chance for a championship. **END**





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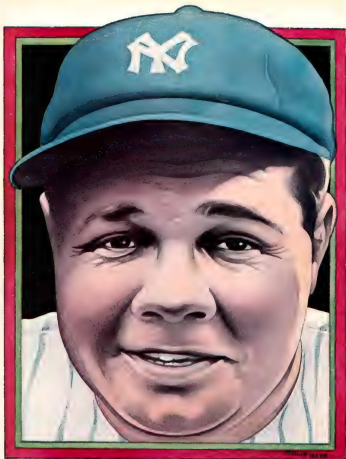
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COLOSSUS OF THE GAME

The Babe remarries, achieves imperishable—if not unavailable—baseball records, is denied a chance to manage, and fights valiantly against a killer

BY ROBERT W. CREAMER

Ruth's unproblematic first two years in New York were followed by a dispute with the new Commissioner of Baseball, Judge Landis. Babe was suspended for the first six weeks of the 1922 season and was in trouble repeatedly after his return. When that difficult year ended he promised to reform, and in both 1923 and 1924 he played superbly. But then things began to go badly again. He and Helen were unhappy together, and he made little effort to hide his contempt for Manager Miller Huggins and the ball club's rules.

In 1925 Ruth's behavior was as flagrant as ever, and his marriage was disintegrating. Helen was no longer able to cope with him. As Babe's teammate Joe Judge said, "She was just a kid when she got married, and now Babe was bigger than the President." Helen and Babe had angry quarrels and they separated. A Catholic priest, Father Edward Quinn, effected a reconciliation, but it was only a surface peace. For Babe had met, among all the women he had known, The Other Woman. Her name was Claire Merritt Hodgson, Mrs. Claire Hodgson. She was beautiful: dark hair, snapping dark eyes, pert face, red lips, a superb figure. She came from Athens, Ga., and at 14 she had run off and married Frank Hodgson, who was twice her age. The marriage did not work, and a few years later, after World War I, she came to New York with her baby daughter. Hodgson died, and Claire became the epitome of early 20th-century glamour: a beautiful young widow.

In New York she lived at first with her baby and a maid, but a few years later, about the time she met Ruth, her mother and her brothers Eugene and Hubert came to live with her, too. She worked for a while as a model for illustrators, including Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher. She appeared on the stage and she had bit parts in silent movies. She was not a chorus girl, nor a singer, nor a dancer, nor even an actress; she was simply a striking girl who wore clothes well and knew the right people.

When Ruth met her she was no teen-ager overwhelmed by the aura of a big-league baseball player. She had known Ty Cobb, and among her New York acquaintances were other members of the Yankees. She first met Babe in May 1923, at a ball game in Washington, where she was on tour in *Dew Drop Inn*, a show starring James Burton, who later played the leading role in the smash hit *Tobacco Road*. She and a girl friend were taken to a Senators-Yankees game by Burton, and when Ruth came over to their box to say hello to Burton they were introduced. Ruth was impressed, as he often was by a pretty girl. Later he sent a note to the theater asking her to dinner. He suggested his hotel suite, and she reacted coldly. "I can't go out to a restaurant," he explained. "I always get robbed."

Claire said she would come only if she could bring along her roommate, and Babe agreed. In turn, she asked him to come see the show, and he did, bringing along two or three teammates. (Claire was slightly rattled because she had to pay for all the tickets.) Dugan was one of

BABE RUTH

continued

those with Babe. "See that black-haired girl on the end?" Ruth said. "She's coming to the hotel for dinner later. I want you guys to meet her." After the show, they came to Ruth's suite and met Claire, and then Babe said, briskly, "All right, get the hell out," and they left. "God, she was a pretty girl," Dugan said.

After the Yankees left Washington, Ruth kept in touch with her by telephone, and in New York they met again. This was far different from the usual Ruthian frog: Babe fell in love with her. They were seen together in public. He had a fight over her with another Yankee in the clubhouse, the two players grappling naked before they were pulled apart by waitresses. Babe's big Parkard was seen parked near 219 West 80th Street, where she lived. One day someone stole the ornamental radiator cap from the car, and after that Ruth parked it in the Apporop Garage across the street. Helen was hearing stories and she was getting suspicious.

She had good reason to worry, because Babe worried Claire and Claire wanted him. But when the subject of marriage came up, Babe told Claire, "I can't get a divorce. I'm a Catholic, and she's a Catholic. We can't get divorced." So he and Helen stayed married, and he and Claire stayed friends.

That was the year, 1925, when Ruth collapsed in spring training—his illness was called "the bellyache broad 'round the world"—and underwent abdominal surgery in New York. When he finally rejoined the Yankees in June he was still weak and he played badly.

He came back too soon, Dugan said. "It made you sick watching him slide into third with that wound in his belly." The club, meanwhile, had been having a terrible year and was in seventh place. Dugan had a bad knee and played only 96 games at third base. An inconsequential rookie named Pee Wee Wanninger became the regular shortstop and is remembered today only because Lou Gehrig began his famous streak of 2,130 consecutive games by batting for Pee Wee on the day Ruth returned to the lineup. Wally Pipp, who had been hit on the head with a pitched ball, was being phased out and Gehrig replaced him as the club's regular first baseman. Even so, Gehrig was still an untried rookie, and his .295 average in 1925 was no more impressive than .255 would be in the 1970s.

The team was bad, and Ruth was not much help when he returned. Physically he was below par, and psychologically he was a mess. His personal life was badly

confused. While he was in the hospital, Helen and their adopted daughter Dorothy, now four, had been the only visitors he was allowed for a while, and he chafed under the monotony. Helen was so upset by his attitude that she had a nervous breakdown and was put to bed, too, while Dorothy was sent back to the Ruths' farm in Sudbury, Mass. in the care of friends. Later in the season Ruth and Helen had a loud quarrel in a Boston hotel. She packed her bags and left for Sudbury, telling the wife of another player, "I'm through." She discussed a legal separation with a lawyer, but nothing came of it, and later in the summer she was back in New York, living at the Concourse Plaza Hotel, close to Yankee Stadium.

Babe was eating too much again. Even before he began playing he had regained eight of the 38 pounds he lost during his illness. And he was still weak. Through June and July he batted .250 and hit only a handful of home runs. He looked terrible. He was 31 years old, and a lot of people felt he was finished as a player.

The Ruthian hitting may have stopped, but the Ruthian consuming had not. In August, Miles Huggins paid Babe \$5,000 and suspended him. Ruth raped at Huggins and reviled him, but Huggins stood fast. After nine days the great rebellion ended with a rather abject apology by Ruth.

While Babe in time returned to his abiding preoccupation for food, drink and willing women, he never again challenged Huggins' authority. Despite his big belly, which warned and

waxed through the years like the moon, he was never again seriously out of shape. To the critics who said he was through, Babe could have smiled and said, "You ain't seen nothin' yet." From 1926 through 1931, as he aged from 32 to 37, he put on the finest sustained display of hitting that baseball has ever seen. During those six seasons he batted .354, averaged 30 home runs a year, 325 runs batted in and 147 runs scored. He hit the 300th home run of his career the day after Huggins reinstated him, but there were more than 400 to come. He had been a downcast figure in five of his six World Series, but the best of his World Series were still ahead of him, too. From the ashes of 1925, Babe Ruth rose like a rocket.

In 1927 the Ruthian Yankees reached their peak. The lineup that had coalesced in the team captured the pennant a year earlier was much stronger in 1927. Gehrig's batting average jumped from .311 to .373. Tony Lazzeri hit



Claire came into the Babe's life from the stage.

,309, Earle Combs .356, Bob Meusel .337, Ruth .356. And the runs poured across the plate. Gehrig batted in 175, Ruth 164, Meusel 103, Lazzeri 102. The pitching also was sharply improved.

Barring .307 as a feat, setting a new major league home-run record, the Yankees won 130 games and lost only 44. Gehrig, coming into full maturity, matched Ruth homer for homer from April to the middle of August and was, in fact, three ahead of the Babe on Aug. 16, with 38 to Ruth's 35. It was the first time anyone had directly challenged Ruth's prominence—when he lost the home-run championship in 1922 and 1923 he had missed the first six or seven weeks of the season

much time—and it more than made up for the lack of excitement in the pennant race as the Yankees took the league apart. But Gehrig hit only nine home runs the rest of the season, while Ruth hit 25, his pace becoming faster and faster as the season neared its end. When he hit his 50th on Sept. 11 he talked of breaking his 1923 record of 59, but it seemed all but impossible: there were only 17 games left to play. He hit three in the next eight games, which is very close to a 60-homer pace, but that was not good enough. He still needed seven more, and there were only nine games left. He hit three in the next three games. After No. 56 he carried his bat around the bases with him to frustrate souvenir seekers. As he passed third base a boy came out of the stands, pounded him joyfully on the back and grabbed the bat. Babe dragged boy and bat all the way across home plate.

He hit no home runs in the next game or the game after that. Only four games left now, and four homers still to go. He hit his 57th, a grand slam, in the first of those four games. In the second he hit his 58th, then a triple off the right-field fence, then his 59th (another grand-slammer) and then a long fly the rightfielder caught at the fence. On Sept. 30, in the next-to-last game of the season, he hit his 60th. It was down the right-field line, just fair. Tom Zachary, the opposing pitcher, yelled, "Foul ball! Foul ball!" and argued with the umpire. Years later, in 1947, Zachary shook hands with Ruth at Yankee Stadium, and the Babe, his voice a croak from the cancer that was killing him, said, "Are you still claiming that ball was foul?" In 1927 he whooped it up in the clubhouse, shouting, "Sixty, count 'em, 60! Let's see some other son of a bitch match that!"

He played again on the last day of the season but had no hits in three at bats.

The 60th homer meant a great deal to Ruth. In the early years he had beaten his home-run total each season—41 in 1918, 29 in 1919, 54 in 1920, 59 in 1921—but he had been trying fruitlessly since to break the record again. Now at last he had done it, and he had demonstrated to young Gehrig (who, deservedly, won the Most Valuable Player award) that Ruth was still the king. Yet, while the 60 home runs were a shining achievement and a shining target for others, 1927 was not his best season, as a comparison of his performances in 1921 and 1927 (see *box*) clearly shows.

Still, the 60th homer in 1927 and his .325 average in the 1928 World Series were the twin peaks of Ruth's career, the happiest moments in years of great accomplishment and relative serenity. His life would never again be as uncomplicated, although nothing—not the inevitable decline of his physical powers, or the deaths of people close to him—was able to suppress completely his casual, carefree personality.

"He was one of those amazing people who make life fun, and who give more to life than they take from it," said Arthur Robinson, a New York sportswriter who was one of the

Babe's ghostwriters. "God, we liked that big son of a gun," said Waite Hoyt. When Roger Maris was chasing Ruth's home-run record

in 1961, Jimmy Dykes said, "Maris is a fine ballplayer, but I can't imagine him driving down Broadway in a low-slung convertible, wearing a coonskin coat." Dugan said, "What a fantastic ballplayer he was; the things he could do. But he wasn't human. He dropped out of a tree."

He was so alive, so unattractive, like an animal or a child, ingenious, unselfconscious, appealing. Sportswriter Frank Graham said, "He was a very simple man, in some ways a primitive man. He had little education, and little need for what he had." Sportswriter Tom Meany said he had the supreme self-confidence of the naive. On a stifling hot day at the Washington ball park Babe said to President Harding, "Hot as hell, ain't it, Prez?" He met Marshal Foch when that renowned French hero of World War I was making a tour of the United States early in the 1920s and said politely, "I suppose you were in the war?"

Famous for not remembering names (when Hoyt was leaving the Yankees in 1930 after 11 seasons as Babe's roommate in Boston and New York, Ruth shook hands and said solemnly, "Goodby, Walter"), he had nicknames for other players, not necessarily complimentary ones, either. His teammates were Chicken Neck, Flop Ear, Duck Eye, Horse Nose, Rubber Belly. People he did not know or remember he called Doc or Kid, which he usually pronounced Kood, in the flashy slang of the time. He called older men Pop, older women Mom. Younger women he needed no special name for. He usually called Claire Claire. He himself was called Jigger by the Yankees, a corruption of George that was apparently first used by Dugan.

It was because of Ruth's bulk that Owner Jacob Ruppert decided to dress the Yankees in their now-traditional pinstripe uniform and dark-blue stockings. The ratty, clothes-conscious Ruppert felt the new uniforms would make Ruth look trimmer. In 1929 the Yankees also adopted uniform numbers. Ruth's was 3 because he batted third; Gehrig's 4 because he batted fourth, and so on.

The Babe understood clearly what he was doing when he batted, despite his habit of saying, "I just keep swinging" when people asked him the secret of hitting home runs. Once, seriously discussing his batting, he said, "I swing as hard as I can, and I try to swing right through the ball. In

richmond

RUTH AT BAT, 1921 AND 1927

	GAMES	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	BB	RBI	TB	PCT	SLUG	AVG
1921	152	501	171	204	44	16	50	144	170	427	.339	.646	
1927	151	540	158	192	39	8	60	128	164	417	.356	.772	

honing, your fist usually stops when you hit a man, but it's possible to hit so hard that your fist doesn't stop. I try to follow through the same way. The harder you grip the bat, the more you can swing it through the ball, and the farther the ball will go. I swing big, with everything I've got. I hit big, or I miss big. I like to live as big as I can."

On Friday night, Jan. 11, 1928, a fire broke out in the home of Dr. Edward H. Kinder, a dentist who lived at 47 Quincy Street in Watertown, Mass., one of the big towns around Boston that are really part of the city. Someone passing by saw the flames and called the fire department.

When the arriving firemen asked if anyone was in the house, neighbors said fearfully that Mrs. Kinder probably was. Dr. Kinder went to the fight at Boston Garden on Friday nights, they said, and their little girl was away at boarding school. When the flames were under some semblance of control, Fire Captain John Kelly made his way to the second floor of the small frame house. Crawling on hands and knees to avoid the heat and smoke as best he could, he pushed open a bedroom door. A woman in a nightgown lay on the floor. Kelly grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the room and with another fireman carried her downstairs and outside. The firemen tried to revive her, but she was dead.

Dr. Kinder was paged at Boston Garden and told to return home at once. When he reached Quincy Street, saw his house and heard what had happened, he was barely able to answer the questions put to him by Dr. George West, the medical examiner. The death certificate signed by Dr. West said the dead woman's name was Helen Kinder, that she was a housewife and that her husband was Edward H. Kinder. This information appeared in stories tucked away

on the inside pages of the next day's Boston newspapers.

Dr. Kinder was stunned that night for a reason beyond the fire and the death, for Helen Kinder was really Helen Ruth, and he knew the Babe would have to be told. Kinder and Helen had been living together for two years—the Sudbury farm, which was in Helen's name, had been sold—and his family was under the impression that they had been married in Montreal. Helen and Dorothy moved into the Watertown house with Kinder after he bought it on May 31, 1927, and the couple was listed in the Watertown city directory as man and wife. Kinder, a veteran of World War I, had gone to Tufts Dental College, graduated in 1924, taught for a couple of years and set up practice late in 1926. He had one office in Back Bay Boston and another in Watertown. He and Helen were accepted without comment in the neighborhood. Dorothy, about six when they moved in, was popular with other children. At the time of her mother's death she was at the Assumption School in Wellesley, Mass. One wonders why she was away at school when she was not yet eight. Perhaps it is significant that four months earlier, on Sept. 10, 1928, Helen was admitted to Carney Hospital in South Boston with another nervous breakdown. The hospital recommended that she be transferred to Ring Sanatorium in Arlington, but on Sept. 18 Helen left Carney abruptly and returned to Watertown.

Kinder had remodeled the Watertown house, adding a sun porch downstairs and a sleeping porch upstairs. According to the fire examiners, the electric wiring added then was improperly installed. Circuits were overloaded, fuses were too strong; when the circuits overheated, the fuses did not blow. The fire began in the living room near a wall outlet and went up through the wall into the floor of the bedroom, where it burned a hole so large that a radiator fell through to the floor below.

Ruth did not hear of Helen's death until more than 24 hours after the fire, when he was with Claire at a small party at Joe Dugan's house in suburban Scarsdale, N.Y. He cried on the phone when he heard the news and decided to go to Boston at once. It was too late for the midnight train from Grand Central, but he was able to catch the through train from Washington at Penn Station at 1:15 a.m. He phoned Boston and spoke to a friend named Arthur Crowley, asking him to meet the train. At 7:30 in the morning, after a sleepless night on the train, Ruth arrived at Back Bay station, tired and somber.

In Boston, Babe read a brief statement to reporters. "My wife and I have not lived together for the last three years," he said. "During that time I have seldom met her. I've done all that I can to comply with her wishes. Her death is a great shock to me."

Later, to another gathering of reporters, Ruth said, "Boys, I'm in a terrible way. This thing has licked me. The shock has been terrible." Tears came to his eyes, and his voice shook. "I hold nothing against my wife. She was the victim of circumstances. I still love her. I have fine memories of her." His voice broke, and there was a pause. "What I'm going to say I can say in a very few words." He paused again and took a gulp of air. "Please leave my wife alone. Let her stay dead."

After Helen died Babe went to Florida to rest. When he

continued



Gehrig shakes Ruth's hand after legendary "called" homer.

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TEN HIGH Bourbon Straight and True

BABE RUTH

continued

came North again with the Yankees after spring training, he and Claire consulted a priest, who told them there was no reason why they should delay marriage. On April 17, 1929 they were married in St. Gregory's Church in Manhattan. They had known each other for almost six years, and for the past three had been very close. Ruth was on good terms with Claire's mother, went hunting with her brothers and liked her little girl Julia. He had found a ready-made family, the thing he had never really had. He had not fallen in love with Claire because of her family, but it certainly filled a need. His own mother had been sick a good deal of the time. His father had been a busy, harassed man who solved a lot of problems by depositing Babe in St. Mary's school. He seldom saw his sister. He had received considerable attention (not all of it loving) the first few years of his life, as the first child of young parents, and then was abruptly deprived of it. At St. Mary's he was one of hundreds. No wonder he later demanded the attention and affection of the world. Everything exploded into athletic genius and sexual hunger, and he was forever seeking approval and gratification. This, of course, is cocktail-party psychiatry, but it is reasonable to suggest that Huggins, in clamping down so hard on Ruth in 1925, became in a way his father, and that Claire, who, for all her physical and social attractiveness, sometimes scolded him, became his mother. In any event, while he was still freewheeling in the fan and frolic part of his life, after 1925 he was at least concerned with what both Claire and Huggins thought. There was no more trouble between him and Huggins, and despite occasional carping and complaints about Claire, there was never a serious rift between them, either.

After Claire and Babe were married, they brought Dorothy down from her school in Massachusetts to join the family. Claire was soon functioning as Babe's personal manager as well as his wife. Before he met her he had worn extravagantly expensive clothes—loud, garish things, including a diamond-horseshoe tiepin. Under her influence his attire became far more tasteful. After 1925 he was probably the best-dressed man in baseball, except for that famous cap.

Claire exercised some control over his eating and drinking, at least at home. She did not cook herself, but she supervised his diet, cutting out stiches and desserts but giving him plenty of meat and vegetables. She introduced him to orange juice. "He didn't want it at first," she said in a 1934 interview. "Gee, Claire," he said to me, "I can't drink that stuff. It gives me indigestion," I said, "Nonsense," and now he wouldn't be without a double portion every morning. He realizes now that mother knows best. "She cut down on his drinking, deftly erecting a barrier that kept many of his old chousing friends out in the cold. She began to travel with him on the road trips the Yankees took and always went to spring training—with the sanction of Ruppert and Ed Barrow, the general manager, who felt her constant presence would deter Babe from kicking over the traces. She and Babe always had a compartment on the team train (she would stay in it, discreetly out of sight, most of the time) and a suite in out-of-town hotels. The club, although approving, did not pick up the tab for any of this, which irritated Claire, who had a fine appreciation of money.

She put a hold-down on Babe's spending. They lived well and did not stint, but she kept an eye on where the money went. She took care of the bills and controlled the family checkbook. When Babe wanted cash, he would say, "Claire, write me a \$50 check. I gotta get some cigars and a few things." Claire wrote so many \$50 checks, she said in her autobiography, that she later used his endorsements of them as autographs to send to interested fans. But, she also said the \$50 checks at least cut down on the lavish tips he was in the habit of handing out when he carried hundreds of dollars around in his pocket.

In 1930 Ruth signed a two-year contract for \$80,000 a year, the highest salary he was to make. The significance of an \$80,000 salary in 1930 is lost against the background of the vast amounts paid today's professional stars. But here are authentic figures for salaries earned a couple of seasons earlier by the 1927 Yankees, that team of supervisors. After Ruth, at \$70,000, the next-highest-paid player was Pitcher Herb Pennock, at \$17,500; Bob Meusel made \$13,000; Waite Hoyt \$12,000; Lou Gehrig \$8,000. The President of the United States, as stories about Ruth so often point out, was paid \$75,000 in 1931. The idea of a ballplayer making more than the President was almost incomprehensible. An apocryphal story, often told, says that someone asked Ruth if he thought it was right for him to be paid more than President Hoover and that Ruth replied, "Why not? I had a better year than he did."

The first of the salary cuts Ruth reluctantly accepted in his waning years came in 1932—a modest one to \$75,000. Everything worked for the Yankees that year. The infield clicked, the outfield was strong, the catching outstanding (except when Bill Dickey was under a 30-day suspension for breaking a Washington outfielder's jaw with one punch in a dispute at home plate). The pitching was superb, and the hitting strong and consistent all year long. The team won 107 games and took the pennant by a wide margin.

Ruth pretty much decided when he wanted to play, which was most of the time, but more and more he left the game in the late innings and let young Sammy Byrd or Myril Hoag finish up for him. Ruth's caddies, they were called, or his legs. Babe, now 38, had a good enough year, although it was distinctly below his best. For one thing, he lost the home-run championship he had held (except for 1922 and 1925) since 1918. Jimmie Fox of Philadelphia even threatened Ruth's record of 60, ending with 58. Babe was second, but far behind, with 41. He batted .341, not bad, scored 120 runs and batted in 137, not bad at all. But people like Fox and Gehrig and Al Simmons were obviously better hitters than he was now. The only thing the Babe led the league in was bases on balls.

When he had a late-season illness there was considerable doubt that he would be able to play in the World Series, but he was in the lineup for the last five games of the year, and when the Chicago Cubs faced the Yankees on Sept. 28, there was Ruth, batting third. This was the World Series that is remembered for the "called" home run, the single most famous facet of the Ruth legend, yet it was really Gehrig's Series. Chicago had a good solid team, representative of the glowing period from 1928 through 1933 when the

continued

BABE RUTH

Cubs won four pennants and never finished lower than third. These Cubs could hit, and indeed they scored almost five runs a game against the excellent Yankee pitching staff, but their own pitchers, a remarkable collection of first-rate performers (Lou Warneke, Charlie Root, Gay Bush, Burleigh Grimes, Pat Malone), were destroyed by the Yankees, who scored an average of more than nine runs a game. Gehrig had nine hits in the four games, including those home runs and a double, and he scored nine runs and batted in eight as the Yankees won 12-6, 5-2, 7-5 and 13-6. Yet Gehrig's exploits were obscured, as they so often were during his career, by the brighter sun of Ruth.

The score was 4-4 in the rowdy third game in Wrigley Field as the Yankees came to bat in the fifth. Boos and hoots rose to a crescendo as Ruth stepped into the batter's box. The Cubs were on top of the dugout steps, Bush cupping his hands around his mouth as he taunted Ruth. Babe grinned, then stepped in to face Root. The pitcher threw. It was a called strike. The crowd cheered, and the Cubs taunted Ruth louder than ever. Still grinning, holding his bat loosely in his left hand, he looked over at the Cubs and raised one finger of his right hand. Root pitched again, in close, for ball one. He pitched again, this time outside, and it was ball two. The crowd stirred in disappointment, and the razzing from the Cubs let up slightly. Again Root pitched, and it was called strike two. The crowd roared, and the Cubs yammered with renewed vigor. Bush was so excited he ran a step or two onto the grass in front of the dugout, yelling at Ruth. Grimes was shouting something. Ruth waved the outfielders back toward their dugout and held up two fingers. Gabby Hartnett, the Chicago catcher, heard him say, "It only takes one to hit it." Root said something from the mound, and Ruth said something back. Gehrig, who was in the on-deck circle, said, "Babe was joking with Root, and what he said was, 'I'm going to knock the next pitch right down your goddamned throat.'"

With the count 2 and 2, Root threw again, a changeup curve, low and away. Ruth swung and hit a tremendous line-drive home run deep into the bleachers in center field. Johnny Moore, the centerfielder, ran back and stood there looking up at it as it flew far over his head into the stands. It was the longest home run that had ever been hit in Wrigley Field. Ruth ran down the first-base line, laughing. "You lucky bum," he said to himself. "You lucky, lucky bum." He said something to Charlie Grimm, the Cubs' player-manager first baseman. He said something to Second Baseman Billy Herman. He shook his clasped hands over his head like a victorious fighter, and as he rounded third base, still laughing, he taunted the now-silent Chicago dugout. In a box near home plate Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was running for President against Herbert Hoover, put his head back and laughed, and after the Babe crossed home plate Roosevelt's eyes followed him all the way into the dugout. There he was mauled and pounded by his Yankee teammates.

Now. What about the legend? What about the story, often affirmed, often denied, that Babe pointed to a spot in

center field and then hit the ball precisely to that spot? It is an argument over nothing, and the fact that Ruth did not point to center field before his home run does not diminish in the least what he did. He did challenge the Cubs before 50,000 people, did indicate he was going to hit a home run and did hit a home run. What more could anyone ask?

The legend grew because people gild lives and sometimes vividly remember things they did not see. Most accounts of the game tell about Ruth calling his shot. For instance, Westbrook Pegler wrote, "With a warning gesture . . . he sent the signal for the customers to see. Now, it said, this is the one, look." But apparently only Joe Williams of the Scripps-Howard newspapers wrote on the day of the game that Babe pointed to center field. A few days later Bill Conum wrote that he pointed, but in the story he did the day it happened Conum neglected to mention it. Paul Gallico picked up the pointing theme after the Series ended, and Tom Meany, who worked with Williams, always accepted it as fact, although in his biography of Ruth written 15 years later Meany said, "Ruth himself changed his version a couple of times. . . . Whatever the intent of the gesture, the result was, as they say in Hollywood, slightly controversial."

Ruth's autobiography, written in 1947 with Bob Considine when Babe was painfully ill with cancer, says he pointed, and adds that he began thinking about it the night before the game, after he and Claire were spat on when entering their hotel. It says that he was angry and hurt because of the taunts of the Chicago players and fans, that before the first pitch he pointed to center field, and that when Root threw the ball Babe held up a finger and yelled, "Strike one," before the umpire could call the pitch. And held up two fingers and yelled, "Strike two" after the second pitch. And before the third pitch, stepped out of the box and pointed to the bleachers again. And then hit the third pitch for the home run. This version was adopted and embroidered by Hollywood in the movie of Ruth's life that starred William Bendix, and as bad as the movie was it gave the legend the permanence of concrete.

Ford Frick, who was not at the game, tried to put Ruth down on the subject when the two were talking about the Series some time later.

"Did you really point to the bleachers?" Frick asked.

Ruth, always honest, shrugged.

"It's in the papers, isn't it?" he said.

"Yeah," Frick said. "It's in the papers. But did you really point to the stands?"

"Why don't you just read the papers? It's all right there in the papers."

Which, Frick said, means he never said he did and he never said he didn't.

Ruth's salary was cut sharply to \$12,000 in 1932 and again to \$15,000 in 1934, his last year with the Yankees, when he hit only 27 home runs and had become a burden to the team. He wanted to be manager, but Ruppert would have none of that, and in a complicated deal it was arranged for Ruth to leave New York and join the Boston Braves player, assistant manager and club vice-president. Despite the impressive title, Babe's short stay with the Braves was unhappy and a failure. He

continued

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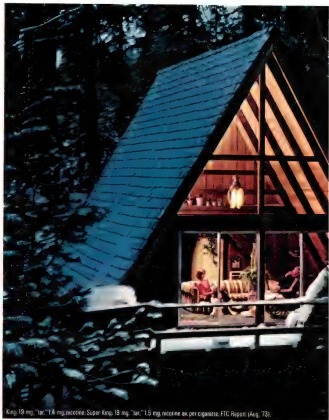
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but our glorious moment, when he led these home runs in one game against the Pittsburgh Pirates, but those were the last home runs of his career. After a few more games he quit for good, fetching not with a bang in Pittsburgh but a whimper in Philadelphia.

Ruth had spent 21 full seasons and part of a 22nd in professional baseball, more than half his life, and now it was done. There was nothing in sight in baseball for him, and there never would be, except for a brief period in 1938 when Larry MacPhail of the Brooklyn Dodgers hired him in mid-season as a coach to simulate attendance. Babe was finished. He was like an ex-President, famous but useless, creating a stir whenever he appeared in public, but curiously feathered, no longer a factor.

He played golf, he bowled, he hunted and he waited, but the call to manage never came. Claire Ruth bitterly attacked baseball for this after Ruth's death, implying that there had been a boycott, a blackballing of her husband. This was not technically true, but there was some truth in it. "Club owners can be awfully funny," Ruth had once said. "When they get a ballplayer who thinks, they get suspicious." When a ballplayer has trouble with management, especially in public, they get even more suspicious. A bad actor, they say. Temperamental. Hard to handle.

But could Ruth have managed? Of course. Baseball likes to think there is some occult skill involved in running a ball club, but there isn't. Some men do it well and some don't, but there is no way of telling ahead of time. Men who seem eminently qualified, like Billy Herman and Eddie Stanky, can't pull it off, while others, who were never thought of as managers (Yogi Berra, Hank Bauer), go on to win pennants. Some, like Pee Wee Reese, who appear to have every quality a good manager needs, are never hired, while others who do become managers and are awful blisters at it, like Rogers Hornsby, are hired and hired and hired again.

Ruth had certain obvious qualities: he was baseball-smart, he was sane of himself, he was held in awe by his fellow players and he was undeniably good copy. He might not have been a success—most managers are not—but he should have been given the chance. During his active career in baseball more than 20 of his contemporaries, some older, some younger, were made managers without previous experience, among them Speaker, Cobb, Sisler, Hornsby, Johnson, Frisch, Crotin, Cochrane, Griener, Dykes, Terry, Traynor. One or two were excellent. A few had initial success, usually in their first season or two as player-manager, and then petered out. Most were undistinguished. In any case, they stand as evidence that Ruth, so eager to manage, at least deserved a try.

In his retirement Ruth worked at being a husband and father, looking with disapproval at boys who called to see his daughters and scolding if they stayed out too late. Dorothy graduated from a private high school in New York in 1936, and a few years later Julie was married, with Ruth, impressively attired in morning clothes, a proper father of the bride. He listened to the radio a great deal and was a rabid fan of the shows that were on regularly year after year in that pre-TV era. He was having drinks with a friend in a

New York bar one evening when he glanced at his watch and said, "Jesus, I've got to run." He grabbed his cap and coat and headed for the door.

"What's the hurry?" His friend said. "Have another drink."

"Can't," Ruth said. "Gangbusters is coming on."

Colonel Ruppert died in January 1938. Ruth visited him in the hospital as he lay dying and was touched when Ruppert, who had never called him by anything but his last name, whispered, "Babe, Babe." Gehrig was dying, and at the Lou Gehrig Day ceremonies at Yankee Stadium on July 4th, Babe ended what had been a long antagonism between them by impulsively putting his arm around Gehrig and hugging him.

Time was closing in. Playing golf one day Ruth said, "I feel terrible," and lay down on the grass near the 16th tee. It was apparently a mild heart attack, and a year or so later he had another. Late in 1941 he was invited to appear in *Pride of the Yankees*, a movie about Gehrig. His weight was nearly 270, and he died strenuously in order to be down to presentable size when work on the film began early in 1942. He lost 40 pounds in a few months and became edgy and irritable. He had a minor but frightening auto accident in December that depressed him terribly, an odd thing for a man who had been in so many accidents. He caught a bad cold, and early in the new year, suffering from the cold and nervous exhaustion, he was taken from his apartment on a stretcher and sent to the hospital. But he recovered quickly and was off hunting for a few days before going to California for the movie.

During World War II he did work for the Red Cross, bought \$100,000 worth of war bonds, made appropriate comments about Hitler and Mussolini and the Japanese, voted against Franklin Roosevelt and appeared frequently at benefits. In May 1946, when Jorge Pasquel was trying to build up the Mexican League by cricking American major-leaguers with offers of huge salaries, Ruth spent two weeks in Mexico City as Pasquel's guest. Now past 30, he said quite plainly that he doubted he would sign any sort of a contract with Pasquel, but he had a fine time anyway. He went to a bullfight, played golf, got sunburned.

Several months later Ruth began to complain of extreme pain over his left eye. He thought it was a sinus headache, but it hurt so much that in November he entered French Hospital in New York for a thorough examination. Not much attention was paid—he had been in and out of hospitals so often—but this time it was deadly serious. He had a malignant growth on the left side of his neck, in such a position that it nearly encircled the left carotid artery. When he was operated on, nerves had to be severed and the artery tied off, which adversely affected the left side of his head, including his larynx. Most of the cancerous growth was removed but some could not be, and he was given radiation treatment to control it.

The disease and its treatment debilitated him. He could not eat and had to be fed intravenously. After three months in French Hospital, he had lost 80 pounds. When he was discharged in February 1947, he went to Florida to rest in the sun. There he regained enough strength to play golf a

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BABE RUTH

continued

few bites and go fishing, but the seriousness of his condition was evident in his appearance. In March, A. B. (Happy) Chandler, the new Commissioner of Baseball (Dodge Landis had died in 1944), declared that Sunday, April 23, would be Babe Ruth Day in the major leagues. Ceremonies were held in all the parks, but the most significant was in Yankee Stadium.

Ruth returned to New York in time to be at the stadium for his day. He wore his familiar camel's hair overcoat and camel's hair cap, but he was thin, his color a poor yellowish tan, his voice a disheartening croak. Almost 50,000 people were in the stadium. There was the usual plethora of speeches, including one from a 13-year-old who represented boys' baseball. Ruth spoke, too, bending forward slightly from the hips to bring his mouth close to the microphone. His speech was extemporaneous.

"Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen," he began, the awful voice sounding even harsher as it came from the loudspeakers. "You know how bad my voice sounds. Well, it feels just as bad. You know, this baseball game of ours comes up from the youth. That means the boys. And after you've been a boy, and grow up to know how to play ball, then you come to the boys you see representing themselves today in our national pastime. The only real game in the world, I think, is baseball. As a rule, some people think if you give them a football or a baseball or something like that, naturally, they're athletes right away. But you can't do that in baseball. You've got to start from way down, at the bottom, when you're six or seven years old. You can't wait until you're 15 or 16. You've got to let it grow up with you, and if you're successful and you try hard enough, you're bound to come out on top, just like these boys have come to the top now."

"There's been so many lovely things said about me, I'm glad I had the opportunity to thank everybody. Thank you."

He smiled and waved to the crowd and walked slowly to the Yankee dugout.

In June 1948, this time wearing his old Yankee uniform on his sadly shrunken body, he made his last appearance in Yankee Stadium. Two months later the best-known and best-remembered of America's sporting gods was dead. **END**

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A NEW LIGHT ON SUITS OF LIGHTS

Defying tradition, an American
matador and his Spanish tailor
are modifying the classic costume

by STEVE ENGLUND

Myth has it that the first suit of lights worn by a matador was designed by the great Spanish painter Goya—which is untrue, but then myths are judged by their social utility, not their objective veracity. What is true is that the bullfighting costume seen today is essentially unchanged since Goya's time.

The matador's jacket is a short, tapered affair of satin tabinet, layer upon layer of fabric sewn together and dipped in starch to produce a bodice of boneplate stiffness. The shoulders, back and sleeves are encrusted with enough gold embroidery, cording, tassels, decorations, miniature bees, thorns and flower-like doorknobs to recall the most garish extravaganzas of a comic opera court. The matador's breeches cling like the skin of a sausage and are stitched with nearly as much ornamentation as is found on the jacket. The entire costume weighs upwards of 14 pounds.

Overall, the suit of lights is a study in functional uselessness, heavy and inflex-

ible and with no redeeming protective qualities, such as a suit of armor has. The outfit is too thick for the scorching afternoon midsummer heat of Spain, Mexico and Latin America, and too open to provide warmth in November or March. However, considerations of ease and function have always been irrelevant in bullfighting. Like a priest's ceremonial garb, the *traje de luces* is symbolic. It incarnates the past and inserts it into the present. Any change is jarring. It is said, for instance, that the coming of World War I had less impact on Madrid than the casual decision, one day in 1914, of the great matador Juan Belmonte to cut his *orellos*, or pigtail. "But Juan," the startled barber asked, "are you planning on retiring from the ring?" The rape of Belmonte's lock had so many imitators that eventually the tradition of the natural *orello* was dropped altogether. But there are precious few examples of such tampering with tradition in bullfighting. One of the few is taking place now.

Two years ago a respected bullfight tailor, Madrid's Luis Alvarez, stated authoritatively, "There will be no changes in the *traje de luces*. Change must originate with the bullfighters themselves and their ideas. Perhaps in a hundred years there may be some differences. But light. The *traje* is a thing of tradition."

In fact, even as Alvarez was making his proclamation, a revolution was beginning in the shop of his competitor, Fermín López. As a tailor, Fermín shares the stature and success of Alvarez but not his subservience to the past. "I honor my ancient trade. I deeply respect the customs of bullfighting," Fermín says. "Tradition is fine and noble, but a like that is not fed by springs eventually grows stagnant. We have known for a long time there are changes that could be made in the *traje de luces*, changes of construction and design to take advantage of new materials and new ideas without breaking completely with the traditions of the art."

As early as 1970 Fermín began to experiment in creating new types of cloth that would be lighter and more flexible than the centuries-old starched satin. Working closely with textile chemists, Fermín succeeded in developing an entirely new kind of "resinated cloth," a material that looks and feels like the tablecloth in an expensive restaurant.

First exhibited in April 1973, the new suits were up to 25% lighter than the old.

Better, they could be dry-cleaned, whereas the conventional suits could not. A close *paseo por alto* (when the bull brushes a matador's chest, leaving his blood streaked across the jacket) was great for generating applause, but it ruined the conventional *traje* for any further use. The layers of satin and starch absorbed the blood like pumice and no amount of dry-cleaning fluid could remove the stain, particularly if the suit was made of light colors. It then became usable by apprentice matadors and no one else. Furthermore, the conventional *traje de luces* holds up for no more than half a dozen evenings at best. Fermín's outfit can go 15 and beyond. The resinated cloth absorbs nothing. The blood simply dries and cakes on the exterior of the jacket and can be chipped or brushed off. One well-known matador has a sword handle hang his jacket on a clothline and turn the garden hose on it.

Fermín's *traje* is priced slightly higher than a traditional model—\$615 vs. \$525—but considering the savings from extra wear, the new suits are actually about one-third as expensive as the old. For all but the top 10 or 12 matadors of Spain, this is a major consideration.

But money-saving alone hardly would seduce the proud and rich handful of famous matadors for whom honor is everything and practicality contemptible. What struck them about Fermín's suits were the new designs he had incorporated, a bold rediscovery of classical simplicity.

The patterns were the creation of John Fulton, an American who is both a matador and a designer. "I see in them the purity and majesty of the classical world from which they are modeled," says Fulton. "This is tradition in its finest sense, not rigid prejudice or favoritism of those enshrined baroque motifs which we were obliged to wear until now." Fulton started toying with new ideas and patterns as far back as 1963, the year he became a matador in Seville. "I brought one of my new ideas to Manfredo, the most celebrated tailor of Seville," he recalls. "My intention was to replace the heavily embroidered epaulettes, replace with ruffles and decorations, with a single piece of silk cloth woven with the same simple design I had chosen for the rest of the jacket."

Manfredo was horror-struck. At first he pretended that the new *traje* would be too expensive to make. That was ri-

TORERO Fulton displays suit based on Greek and Roman patterns. At top left is a Delphi first model. Top right is Fulton's first design.

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SUITS OF LIGHTS continued

dicious. Without the usual human ills of women embroiderers, the suit could only be a lot cheaper. Then Manfredi declared that he was terribly busy. And so on and so forth. The only reason he ever agreed to make the suit from Fulton's design was that many of the young matadors who came to his shop noticed the new pattern and wanted similar suits of their own. So Manfredi created a *traje de luces* to Fulton's specifications. The design was taken directly from a classical Greek pattern: a keylike design in gold against a light green background. The epaulets repeated the pattern. "People would remark how refreshing my traje was," said Fulton. "They were particularly impressed by the epaulets being supple and in character with the rest of the suit, not the usual stiffened plates of gold cord."

But Manfredi died and John Fulton had his hands full as an aspiring matador, and nothing much came of the new patterns. In his spare time he continued his research into the history of ancient design, not just Greek and Roman, but Cretan, Egyptian, Aztec and Mayan. Fulton is not only a gifted artist and a thoroughly professional matador, but a first-class scholar of art history as well. Whenever he came across a pattern he liked, he sketched it and put it aside. In 1900 he showed some of these drawings to Fernin, who was impressed but cautious. Two years ago, when his new required cloth became available, he picked two or three of Fulton's designs and included a suit made of one of them among the five or six *trajes* he sold to the leading matadors during the season.

At first the matadors did not say much. But they began to wear the new costumes more often than the others and with more pleasure. The potential slowly dawned on Fernin. Working closely with Fulton over the winter, he created more than a dozen of the new *trajes* and prepared them for a major exhibition when last year's season opened. One suit had simple Cretan bees as its design. Another was taken from the costumes of the ancient ball dancers of Knossos. Another was Fulton's favorite Greek key. There were designs from gladiator's garb, from Roman breastplates, scrolls and flowers and Delphic ferns. Always the design was historical, classical and simple, against a one- or at most two-color background. The epaulets were supple and carried the same design as the jacket with

a minimum of gold embroidery. With considerable confidence, Fernin opened his exhibition in April at the international press club in Madrid.

Justifiably. The matadors were seized by the historic significance and symbolism of the designs. Their valets and assistants chattered about the versatility, durability and flexibility. And lay critics noted how ethetically pleasing the suits were. A few chauvinists among the local journalists wondered why Fernin hadn't used a Spanish artist to design his suits. Fernin replied, "There is no other great artist in Spain who is also a professional matador and who knows how one of these suits feels when looking down the sweat of a charging toro." A few of the old matadors balked. Becerra, for example, who comes from a long line of great Spanish *toreros*, felt the new designs were too—well, too new. Meanwhile, most of his colleagues rushed to place their orders, while the two or three *torero* tailors who share Fernin's eminence (if not his daring) were obliged to bring out their own versions of the *trajes*.

Last year Fernin sold 100 of the Fulton-designed *trajes*, about 70% of his entire sales in matador costumes. The list of *toreros* who now own them (whether one of Fernin's, or a copy) reads like a Who's Who of bullfighters: Julio Robles, Palomo Linares, Carrizosa, Gallardo, El Vio, Curro Romero. In the coming season virtually all but the staunchest traditionalists will be sporting the designs. And the rage has already crossed to the New World. A number of Latin American and Mexican bullfighters, notably Venezuela's El Sol, are requesting the new suits.

And what does Fulton get for his labors? Are not he and Fernin partners in this sartorial revolution? Well, no. Not even nearly. The designs are Fulton's, the rest (including profit) is Fernin's. As gifted a mind as he has, John Fulton is no businessman. He was so eager to see his designs translated into reality that he almost gave them to Fernin. Fulton never considered the commercial angle, and of course Fernin was too good a businessman to remind him. Fulton now has all the prestige he can eat and exactly one new suit that Fernin made for him gratis, nothing else. He remains unconcerned. "I don't care about the money. It's the beauty of the suits I love. Now if you'll just look at this wonderful Egyptian lotus I found. . ."

8000

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Spellbinding evangelist **Oral Roberts**, of the university of the same name, wanted to meet the ACC tournament in Greensboro in case one of the teams met his team in the NCAA playoffs. He called Dr. James Ralph Scales, president of Wake Forest, for tickets and was told he didn't have a prayer of getting any. Roberts said he would come anyway "on faith." Roberts came and, in the meanwhile, Dr. Scales came down with "light pneumonia." He left his tickets for Roberts. Roberts told the Wake Forest people he would pray for Scales' recovery. He didn't say when. Some folks suspected it would be after the finals.

"Somebody asked me the other night if hockey players take their teeth out when they make love to their wives," says **Sandy Clarke**, wife of Philadelphia Flyer Captain Bobby Clarke. "I nearly fell over. Actually, Bobby never has his teeth out at home, only when he's playing hockey. Of course, I can't speak for all our players."

Which is more important to a major league baseball club, a coach or a color commentator? We now have definitive word from John McHale, president of the Montreal Expos. McHale flatly turned down a request from Manager Gene Mauch that **Duke Snider**, the former Dodger star, leave the broadcasting booth to become the team's third-base coach, saying right out loud that a commentator was more essential. In other words, cool corn is more important than the hot corner.

Women's lib hit a new high (or low) in Sherbrooke, Quebec. **Pat Beland**, assistant (female) coach of the Loyola College girls' basketball team, punched a trader referee. Furious after losing a game to the University of Sher-



brooke, Mrs. Beland stamped over to Ref Guy Pariseau, informed him that he had just officiated the worst game she had ever seen, and delivered a fat to the stomach. She said, in her defense, that she hadn't hit the referee very hard. "If I had really hit him hard, he would still be out," she said.

When their tournament at the Tucson Racquet and Swim Club was delayed by rain for two days, **Stan Smith** and **John Newcombe**, two of the fastest guns in professional rackets, visited Old Tucson—an amusement park and location for Western films—and had a ball. A tennis tour-

naient at an Arizona swim club delayed by rain? Is that a joke? No. And neither are gammon Smith and Newcombe to their opponents. This is the way they look from the other side of the net all the time.

Yugoslav soccer star **Stankis Karan** has just gotten himself headed by an opponent with the strength of a baby bull. Karan, a member of the Red Star team visiting Spain for the quarterfinals of the Europe Cup championship, tried his hand at bullfighting at the Palomo Linares ranch. He proved again that soccer players aren't always very good hands, and in this case the



footwork left a little to be desired, too.

The sliving poster at Jack Frost Mountain in Pennsylvania's Pocono range realizes why his services are highly attended. "I wish more would come in and talk, but I understand skiers," says 24-year-old **John Helmer**, who has been installed as a ministerial intern by the Pocono Lutheran Recreation Ministry in an A-frame chapel at the top of the slopes. "They don't get that much time to ski." The picnic bench pews in the unadorned place interior of the chapel can seat 40, but Helmer is happy if half that many park their skins outside. He bears no malice, believing that "the Lord works in mysterious ways." As proof, on his jacket he wears a patch that says *PRAY FOR ME*.

This is Odd. But the question is, which Odd, Wayne or his twin brother West? Both are miles on the Rancocas Valley (N.J.) Regional High School track team. Even their mother sometimes can't guess the Odds. They really are the Odd couple, a long-running act.

That number 66 appearing as a designated pinch hitter for the Texas Rangers looked familiar, if perhaps a little out of place. Yep, that was country and Western singer **Charley Pride**, once a pitcher for the California Angels, who frequently works out with major league teams in the spring. "They released him in 1961," observed Third Baseman Jim Fregosi, who was an Angel then, "and he didn't have enough money to buy a hot sandwich. Now he flies here from Dallas in his own jet just to work out with us." And Pride is not so out of place. In two at bats against Cy Young Award winner Jim Palmer of the Orioles, Pride grounded out and hit a sharp angle to the middle.

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Do or diet for the old home team

Or, how to achieve the boneliness of those long-distance runners

Disciples in search of a dietary master often find themselves outnumbered by masters in search of disciples, and nowhere so much as in sport. Consider the poor runner. He suspects that there is a connection between what he eats and how he performs. He watches frail-looking Olympians tear through staggering interval workouts and wonders at their secrets. But whose formula for fitness should he follow?

Percy Ceromy, a theorist of rather stunning originality, coached Australian Miler Herb Elliott to world records and Olympic gold and then put out a book entitled *Be Fit or Be Damned*. One of the things he damns heartily is milk. Any runner who still drinks the stuff has not been properly weaned, says Percy.

Regarding milk as something of a menace may seem startling to the uninitiated, but so goes the eccentric course of athletes' diets the world over. For example, according to *The Runner's Diet*, a booklet produced by *Runner's World Magazine*, there is something called the Ate Warland Diet in which milk is *de rigueur*—as long as it's sour—but one must shun meat, fish and eggs because they provide a "cultured medium for putrefactive bacteria." A day's ration consists of: *Breakfast*—fresh fruit and sour milk. *Lunch*—whole grain cereal. *Dinner*—potatoes, baked or boiled in their skins, or mashed and topped with grated raw beets and carrots; salad greens, and sour milk.

Fortunately, there are other gurus among whom one may choose. For instance, Ernst van Aaken, a German coach and M.D. whose protégé, Harald Norpoth, is a three-time Olympian and

perennial German champion at 1,500 and 5,000 meters. The doctor doesn't much care what a runner eats as long as it amounts to less than 2,000 calories a day. Since the average American consumes 3,300 calories a day, one begins to understand Norpoth's eerie resemblance to a cadaver. Distance runners, van Aaken says, should be 20% below the average weight for their height since the greater a runner's heart volume in relation to his body size, the more endurance he has.

To determine average weight, according to one formula, men should start with a base of 5 feet and 110 pounds. For every inch over 5 feet add 5½ pounds. Women start with 5 feet and 100 pounds, adding five pounds for every inch over the base height.

Olympic Gold Medalist Frank Shorter, at 5'10½" and 134 pounds, is exactly 20% below the average weight for his height. So is my husband, fourth in the Munich marathon, at 5' and 141 pounds. On the other hand, Jon Anderson, 1973 Boston Marathon winner and Olympic 10,000-meter man, is 6'2" and 160 pounds, 10 pounds over the 20% mark, and says he likes to be even heavier for a marathon.

Another critic of van Aaken's theory is Steve Prefontaine. "He doesn't take into consideration a person's bone structure," argues the three-time NCAA cross-country champ. "I happen to have very heavy bones." At 5'9" Pre should weigh about 128 pounds, according to the German doctor. Instead he weighs 145 and says, "If I get under 138 I lose strength."

Van Aaken, however, believes that a runner can train his body to run on its "reserves." To do this, as well as to eliminate extra weight, he strongly recommends fasting while training and racing. There are trackmen like 10,000-meter-runner Jeff Galloway who substantially agree with this theory. "I'm convinced you run much better the skinnier you are," Galloway says, but he questions the wisdom of prolonged fasts while training hard or racing.

Whether they fast or not, world-class runners appear decidedly ascetic and generally use weight as one measure of fitness.

Almost diametrically opposed to van Aaken's call to deprivation is the Carbohydrate Loading Diet developed several years ago by Swedish doctor Per-Olof

Åstrand to use in preparation for a particular race. The underlying theory is that energy for an exercising athlete comes not from protein but from a mixture of carbohydrates and fats, especially carbohydrates. Since carbohydrates are stored as glycogen in the muscles and liver, an athlete whose event takes longer than 30 minutes suffers pronounced discomfort when muscle glycogen is depleted.

The object, then, is to increase the amount of glycogen the muscles will store. This can be done, Åstrand says, by careful manipulation of the diet. First, the muscles must be completely exhausted of their glycogen stores by a hard workout one week before the event. Then, to keep the glycogen content low, the athlete should eat almost exclusively fat and protein for three days, with carbohydrates kept to a minimum. Three days prior to the race large quantities of carbohydrates should be added to the intake of fat and protein. On the day of competition something light and easily digested is all that is needed.

This causes the muscles to overcompensate and, in some cases, to store more than twice as much glycogen as on a normal mixed diet. Åstrand's test subjects, who rode stationary bicycles at a given pace, averaged 144 minutes of riding on a mixed diet but some of them could go more than 240 minutes after following his seven-day diet.

Although no U.S. Olympic marathoner has followed Åstrand's regimen precisely, all do tend to eat more carbohydrates for some days prior to a race. "I think we do it instinctively," Frank Shorter says. "I get nervous and eat lots of ice cream and cake."

The catch is all of this, of course, is individual differences. Some bodies respond well to fasting, others do not. The Carbohydrate Loading Diet may do amazing things for a stationary bike rider and practically nothing for a marathoner. Or vice versa. Ask half a dozen successful runners for their secret formula and you get half a dozen theories.

"I've never been much of a breakfast eater," says two-time Olympian Doris Brown. "I don't like to eat before I run or right afterwards. So I usually just run and go to school."

Jeff Galloway, however, takes a morning run and then brunches on liver, vegetables, salad, and granola or whole grain bread. At midday Shorter eats just cheese or Instant Breakfast and cookies, while

continued



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Duster.
One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.



TRACK & FIELD continued

Profontaine, on these rare occasions when he does lunch, makes do with a bowl of yogurt.

Dinner for noted trackmen is a substantial meal but varied. Brown concentrates on protein while 20-year-old cross-country star Carolyn Walker may settle for three apples, four carrots, beef broth, lots of cabbage, green beans or spinach and granola cookies.

If athletes can't agree on menus, they also rarely think alike about vitamins. But neither do physicians. In 1965 the U.S. Department of Agriculture found that two-thirds of the American people were below the recommended level in at least one nutrient. But in 1970 the Subpanel on Deception and Misinformation of a White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health reported, "Scientists agree that the usual American diet is adequate for health."

Even if one assumes that a balanced diet will supply a sufficient allotment of vitamins and minerals, does this apply to athletes who get extraordinary stress on their bodies? The current national guidelines simply gloss over individual physiological requirements and ignore the stresses athletes undergo.

Runners face a number of decisions with regard to their diet and health. And it is they who must choose according to their individual physical and psychological makeup. What can happen when someone else does the choosing became all too evident to some recent Olympic aspirants.

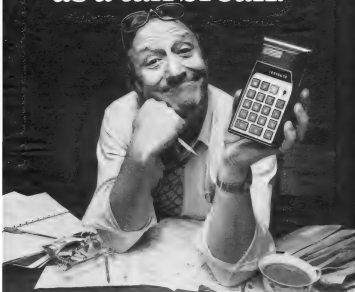
The Tarahumara Indians of northern Mexico burn more than 10,000 calories in two days of continuous kickball, dancing which they run 100 to 200 miles. They are essentially vegetarians, eating primarily corn and beans, with squash, pumpkin, chili peppers and citrus fruit. "Occasionally an egg will be eaten," say researchers, "and about once or twice a year, as part of their festivals, goat meat will be ingested. But this is a rarity." For two to five days prior to their kickball matches they eat no fat, eggs, potatoes or sweets.

Enter the Mexican Olympic Committee. The Indians were brought to an Olympic training center and fed beef-steak, eggs and milk. On that fare the Tarahumaras' metabolism ran crazy. They had trouble sleeping, and when they did sleep they had weird dreams.

And they did not make the Olympic team, either.

380

"I think of it as a tax break."



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All the Irish eyes were smiling

They came across the sea to Cheltenham and celebrated even before the race. And then, to see an Irish-bred long shot win the most important steeplechase event in the world—that made it a glorious day indeed

A huge roar of shock came from the packed stands at Cheltenham racecourse in the west of England. After soaring perfectly over the third-to-last fence from home, Pendil, odds-on favorite to win the Cheltenham Gold Cup, landed on the legs of a fallen outsider and crashed heavily down. It was not merely the loss of \$35,000 in prize money and a dozen magnets of vintage champagne that caused the reaction from the crowd: it was that Pendil had lost the greatest steeplechase in the world.

The greatest steeplechase in the world? That is a fighting phrase for those still caught up in the death-or-glory magic of the Grand National at Aintree, but there is no doubt at all that as the stands at Liverpool grow shabbier, its crowds dwindle and the quality of the horses entered in the Grand National drops off, so the Gold Cup has grown in stature until it is now the steeplechasing event of the year. Even to exist on the edge of it is prestigious enough for a young jockey like Tommy Skiffington from Middleburg, Va., who came to Europe a year ago because of the decline of steeplechasing in the U.S. He has ridden 23 winners since, a satisfying number in this sport, but he says his most joyful moment came on the eve of this year's Gold Cup when he was saddled at Cheltenham after coming in third in a hurdle race. "Cheltenham is what it's all about," he says. "The best steeplechasing horses in the world. Traffic backed up 90 miles to London on Gold Cup day."

Aintree these days is like a raddled old beauty living on her past glories, surrounded by suitors, or horses, it's true, but most of them past their prime, as she is. The Grand National is a colorful gamble in which class horses jammed into huge fields can easily be defeated by 100-to-1 no-hopers. It is significant that Arkle, who won the Cheltenham Gold Cup three times in the 1960s and is considered by many people—and most Irishmen—to be the best steeplechaser in the

history of racing, was never entered in the Grand National.

Cheltenham has been a resort for a century and a half, but the reason why its Gold Cup has become the world's premier 'chasing event goes back to the 1920s to when Mr. F. H. Cathcart, then head of the Cheltenham Steeplechase Company, decided to drop handicapping. Steeplechasing was in the doldrums then. The only important event was the Grand National, and at Aintree the class horses were always heavily penalized. There was little incentive to breed and race top-class 'chasers. But Cathcart instituted a true championship at equal weights, modified only by a weight-for-age plan. This meant there was no future at Cheltenham in entering the kind of old scrabbers so numerous at Aintree. Since the first Cheltenham Gold Cup, run 50 years ago this month, only class horses have been attracted.

Even so, it took a long time, until World War II, for its prestige to overtake that of the National. Cheltenham was a trial for Aintree and its horses were shared with Liverpool—such as Golden Miller, who won the Gold Cup five successive years and the Grand National in 1934. The war changed the emphasis. The green Cotswold countryside in which the Gold Cup was run was remote from the bombing blitzes that Liverpool suffered. Cheltenham lost only two annual meetings during the war compared with Liverpool's five, and in 1945 it was at Cheltenham that postwar steeplechasing officially started. In the 1950s, when commercial sponsorship of steeplechasing in Britain came along, it was the Gold Cup that was the biggest recipient. Now Pimpen-Heidsieck Champagne adds \$24,000 to the prize money, which may be connected with the fact that the firm sent half a million bottles of champagne to Britain in 1973 as compared with 12,000 bottles in 1970.

On Gold Cup day this year a fair proportion of the staff seemed to have found

its way to Cheltenham, a smooth town of elegant Georgian facades in pale yellow Cotswold stone, and particularly to the Queen's Hotel, which the very big Irish contingent had made its headquarters. There, various gentlemen were recounting the adventures that had befallen them on the way to the meeting, all in a vastly happy frame of mind since Irish horses had already done very well in the opening days of the meet. A gentleman from Connemara claimed to have leaped four feet of Irish Sea like a 'chaser at a water jump, between the north wall quay at Dublin and the departing ferry boat for England. He arrived in Cheltenham at midnight with no place to sleep.

"I met some fellow in a bar," he recounted, "who took me to stay in his granny's house. Only then I thought it might be nice to go to the jockey's hall here at the Queen's. So I climbed out through the bedroom window, not wanting to disturb the old lady, and I went to the dance. But some long, lanky dan of a fellow with a bottle of champagne got between me and the girl I fancied. I couldn't remember where granny's house was. Orme luggage. So I had a quiet sleep under a lampost. It's a grand meeting, Cheltenham."

There was a more decorous assembly in a private room at the Queen's where a small American group had gathered. Present was Mrs. Marie Sanger, owner of Inkslinger, which would be running in the Gold Cup next day. "There just wasn't anything left at home for him," said Mrs. Sanger. "If only the van would come out tomorrow," yawned Mike Smithwick, who trained Inkslinger in the U.S. before turning him over to his cousin, Danny Moore, to train in Ireland. Moore was there, noncommittal, but it was clear that he agreed with the general verdict: Inkslinger was a fine horse over hard ground, but the soft Cheltenham turf was not going to help him.

Virginia Guest was there, too, to watch her father's L'Escargot run in the Cath-

(Continued)



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HORSE RACING *continued*

cart Cup, the last race of the meet. L'Es-cargot twice won the Gold Cup but is well into the old-hero category now. Down the table was Pat Taaffe, who as a jockey rode Arkle to three Gold Cup wins but is now a trainer. His horse for the cup was Captain Christy, too erratic a jumper to be rated better than 7 to 1 but, being an Irish horse, fancied strongly in what had now become the roaring mainstream of the horse bar 100 feet away.

The pundits held that it was a two-horse race between Pendil and The Dikler. In 1973, both were well ahead of the field when Pendil, leading by a couple of lengths after jumping the last fence, fell into some kind of trance, brought on, some say, by the flashing cameras and the noise of the crowd. The Dikler came up hard and passed him on the inside. It was the first time Pendil had been beaten in a steeplechase. So, apart from the hopeful Americans and Irish, most looked on the 1974 race as Pendil's attempt at revenge, and there was a great roar for him in the pre-race parade.

As the field of seven started up the long incline at the start of the 3 1/2-mile event, Pendil and The Dikler held back, leaving Charlie Pothorn and Inislegier to make the running, with Captain Christy at the rear. It was the same order in the first downhill run, until the 10th fence. Then came a small tragedy for Inislegier's devoted followers. The horse crashed down, hardly noticed by the crowd watching Pendil as the field came past again and started the final circuit. Now the front running was taken up by High Ken, a horse with a bad record for falls. Pendil and the Queen Mother's horse, Game Spirit, were close behind him. And then, at the third fence from home, High Ken went down and Pendil, trapped by the fallen horse's legs, sprawled on the soft turf.

Now it had to be The Dikler's race, but Captain Christy, coming up fast, took a narrow lead just before the last jump. Even then it seemed The Dikler man win, for Captain Christy hit the top of the hedge and floundered through it, leaving The Dikler a length ahead for the last uphill straight. But big, strong Captain Christy came on to win, in the end, by five clear lengths, and there was a roar that reached from Gloucestershire to Kerry. Head, in the winner's enclosure, the Irish contingent, those who could jam in, sang with arms linked, "When Irish eyes are smiling. . ."

AND

Edward T. Wilson



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B-day is D-day in Hinckley

The coming of the turkey buzzard, not everywhere a welcome sight, gives this little town something to squawk about on the Ides of March

Often enough, what is called a folk festival is merely a make-believe exercise in nostalgia. The genuine article is more like Hinckley's Buzzard Day. Overwhelming numbers of people have never heard of or attended this high-flying bash, but it has been held each year since 1958 on the Ides of March in and around Hinckley, Ohio.

In a general way Buzzard Day belongs to the welcome-to-spring category of celebrations, being similar in spirit and intent to such gatherings as Groundhog Day at Punxsutawney, Pa., Swallow Day at Capistrano and Irish Day on Fifth Avenue. Hinckley is a crossroads village of 200, about 25 miles south of Cleveland, but Hinckley township has some 4,500 residents, many of whom are Cleveland

commuters. Scenicly the *pluvie de réservoir* of the countryside is the Hinckley Reservation, a rugged wooded tract of 2,000 acres owned and operated by the Cleveland Metropolitan Park System. In it is a dense, deciduous woodlot fronted by an open field in which, from time immemorial, buzzards (more accurately turkey vultures) have roosted during the spring, summer and early fall months. The area is designated by park authorities as Buzzard Roost.

Several explanations have been advanced as to why the buzzards come back to Hinckley every March. One is that when the first whites came into the Western Reserve at the beginning of the 19th century, they found a gallows on what is now Hinckley Ridge. On the gallows dangled a Wyandot Indian squaw whose activities as a witch had provoked her associates to the execution point. Around the gallows circled a flock of buzzards, whose descendants have returned every year since in hopes of an encore.

Another story is that on Dec. 24, 1818 a large posse of men and boys staged a grand hunt for the purpose of securing food and cidding the area of varmints at the same time. According to report, the gang bagged 300 deer, 21 bears, 17 wolves and a big mess of smaller beasts. Afterward, in the true folk spirit, everyone wandered off and got drunk, leaving the remains of the kill to freeze on the ground. In March, when the carcasses were just beginning to soften, they were feued by the buzzards. Again the theory is that from then on generations of vultures have thought of Hinckley as a meat place.

Twenty years or so ago in the course of a buzzard conversation somebody suggested that not only did the birds return every year in March, but that they arrived precisely on the 15th, or at least a buzzard was certain to be seen around the roost on that day. This caused some back-and-forth, but sure enough a buzzard was spotted at the roost on that

15th and in several successive years.

In 1958 a local turkey farmer and Chamber of Commerce member named Carl Neu suggested the obvious: that the buzzard thing should lend itself to celebration, formalization and capitalization. His Chamber colleagues picked up the idea and have been running hard with it ever since. As presently constituted, the festival is a two-part affair. March 15 is the day the buzzards officially return. There is a duly empowered buzzard spotter, a ranger from the Hinckley park, who logs in the first bird seen at or near Buzzard Roost. Establishing the exact time of arrival is important because a local radio station runs a kind of buzzard pool. The binner who comes closest to guessing when the first official buzzard is sighted wins a prize—a round trip to Buzzards Bay, Mass. Then, on the nearest Sunday to March 15 the Chamber of Commerce puts on a buzzard breakfast at the Hinckley Elementary School. This affair usually attracts more than 2,000 people, who buy enough breakfasts and buzzard souvenirs to raise two or three thousand dollars.

"The money is important," says Del Painting, a local insurance agent who is currently the Chamber's Buzzard Day spokesman. "We contribute to many local programs—Little League, Pony Tails and Scouts—with what we make off Buzzard Day. But the publicity is fantastic. We must have had millions of dollars worth. Buzzard Day has put Hinckley on the map."

Occasionally buzzards arrive early, which causes some embarrassment to Hinckley, tending to take the edge off the March 15 celebration. This difficulty has been handled in a manner that does credit to American ingenuity. Any buzzard seen around Hinckley prior to March 15 is designated as a "pilot buzzard." Only a March 15 bird is regarded as "official." (For the record, the first pilot buzzard was spotted this year on March 4 by the Hinckley fire chief.)

On the official day a fortnight ago a small handy band of serious buzzard folk gathered in the morning gloom and slush at Buzzard Roost. The key figure was a park ranger named Bud Berger, the official buzzard spotter. Berger is more a cop-ranger than a naturalist-ranger and did not appear to be particularly enthusiastic about his assignment.

In fairness, he was somewhat preoccupied



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United States Auto Club mileage tests conducted in January show Volant Duster, with a "Slant-Six" engine and the new standard, fuel saving 2.76 axle gear substantially better mileage than Maverick or Nova. In city driving, it even beat Mustang II and did a little better than Vega, both 4-cylinder cars.

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Duster.

One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.



NATURE account

cupied, because of reports that a large group of college cowdies carrying beer was infiltrating the park. Berger left the spectators gaping skyward and went off on a patrol to look into the matter, followed by Denny Cheatham, a WHIO-TV (Dayton) news photographer. When they returned, Cheatham was triumphant and inebriated. "Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but we were riding along out there and Berger points way off into the woods at a little black spot that I think I saw. He says that is the official buzzard and that it arrived at 9:35. Gang, you are beat."

This intelligence touched off a big beef between the beat folks and Ranger Berger. The substance of the complainant's plea was that to be official a buzzard had to appear in the field at Buzzard Roost.

"Look," said the harassed Berger. "I am the one who is in charge of this. The bird just has to show up around here, and it did, at 9:35."

Fights, arrests and other unpleasantness were avoided when, at precisely 10:54 a.m., a big black bird flapped unsteadily across the field. "O.K., O.K.," yelled an NBC man, "is that a buzzard or isn't it?"

"Well," said Berger. "I don't see it so good. Sometimes crows flap something like that. It is hard to say." Fortunately, the bird was verified as a turkey vulture by Dr. Bill Hamilton, a member of the Otterbein College faculty and a veteran bird watcher.

After the official buzzard or buzzards are sighted the thing to do in Hinckley on March 15 is to repair to the Hinckley Tavern. This year there was the usual considerable amount of drinking, bragging and singing of folk songs at the tavern. The convivial scene reduced the Sunday breakfast to the status of anticlimax—just an average social, fund-raising feed, lots of people wolfing down pancakes and sausage, every now and then buying a buzzard bumper sticker, badge, decal or sweat shirt at one of the booths. Also on hand was Dave Bittner, a curator at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, with three tame buzzards, which he placed here and there on perches. Staring at one of these birds, Bill Gundelach, a Chamberman, said, "My opinion is that they are revolting birds, but they make money."

That is what you call a genuine folk saying.

END

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Only You, Frank darling

Suddenly he was what every TV
station from Boston to Elly
needed, a sports commentator for the nightly news.

So he got all dressed up and ventured
forth to audition. Herewith an instant replay
by **Frank Deford**





Do you wonder sometimes why all the sports reporting on television news appears so uniformly bad and so much the same?

One day last year I was on the *Today* show, hustling my latest book. It is a verity of the publishing business that if you can just get on the *Today* show, you will sell something like 175,000 extra copies by lunchtime. This did not quite work out in my case, possibly because I was caught between Gene Shalit rugging underneath his natural fright wig, and Edwin Newman, who reacted to all the hilarious things I said with much the same amount of levity that he lavishes on discussions of strip mining.

Now for the bad news. Unbeknownst to me, a gentleman named Win Baker up in Boston was shaving, or some such thing, when Mousie Newman and Shalit were devising ways to un-sell my book, and—for reasons that remain obscure to me to this day—this Win Baker was taken with me. Taken with me, *pihaw*—he was captivated by me! In fact, a television columnist subsequently likened this moment to the discovery of Lana Turner in Schwab's drugstore.

Win Baker, you see, ran a television station in Boston that was at the time looking for a new sports announcer, and he thought I might be just the ticket. Since Win Baker was the boss, everybody precipitously agreed with his keen judgment, and soon I was contacted by an underling. After being properly coy I agreed to an audition.

You may ask at this point why would I do a fool thing like that? The reason are threefold. One is that, like the next fellow, I am vain. The more I thought about it the more I was beguiled by the idea of coming into hundreds of thousands of living rooms and whatnot. Think of it, my face was going to be a

continued

household word in Boston, Mass. Two is the money. As you know, in television the streets are paved with gold. These television sports news is so bad I felt I couldn't miss. I wasn't going in head-to-head against Barbara Walters or Captain Kangaroo, for God's sake. So I figured it was an overkill. Wese! it David Brinkley who said, "You could put a baboon on television for 15 years and he'd become a celebrity!" Yes is was, and Brinkley also pointed out that they did that once with somebody named Muggs.

Anyway, I went for it, and in the end WBZ offered me the job, which I accepted contingent on their giving me a pay of money, which they would not. Teeth to tell, they accused me of being a highbrow. I don't know where they got instead. Apparently there isn't a great deal of choice in the field. The first guy I talked to at WBZ said there were only two good sports news guys in the business, and since those were the only names that kept popping up whenever I went in to interview, I guess it pretty much must be true. The funny thing about TV sports news is that just about everybody in television thinks it's God-awful, but nobody even expects to do anything about that state of affairs.

The two sports announcers in the whole country who seem to be appreciated within the industry are Warner Wolf in Washington and Bill Currie in Pittsburgh. Apparently, Wolf has to grow on you. I saw him one night, and all he did was show film clips from Chicago and, like a high-school newspaper, predict the scores of the next week's games. He was what they prize as outspoken, though, and chuckled in those wise-guy asides that pass for commentary in the business.

Now Bill Currie is something else. He's a real strange duck. You could not, for example, catch him dead at a hockey game. He reads books and can quote reams of Shakespeare and the Bible, if the lyrics of most songs on *Yow-Ro Parade* from 1935 on. I've known him for several years, since he was "The Mouth of the South," out of Charlotte, N.C. Most television executives the country over are now walking around mumbling, "If we could just get ourselves another Bill Currie." But I gave the dumb-dumbs the original Bill Currie on a platter six years ago, and nobody would take him. I wrote a long article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* about how great he

was. I figured he would be choosing between offers from The Big Apple, Elay and Chi the next week. But nothing. Not a phone call. The only reason he finally got to a market as big as Pittsburgh was because a film salesman passing through teased him to the station manager. The week after he was hired Currie was the hottest thing in town. He was Pittsburgh's TV Personality of the Year. The station gave him his own prime-time show. He even started working night clubs. Now every learning in the business has got to find a facsimile of Bill Currie.

I called up the real thing and asked him if I should go into TV. He had mixed emotions. "You really shouldn't slam," he said. "But then you'd have a lot going for you in this business inasmuch as you can read or write, so you wouldn't have to work but an hour or so a day, and that would give you a lot more time to drink or sleep or whatever."

"O.K.," I said.

"And one more thing, Frank."

"Yes?"

"Get all the money you can."

That was in my game plan. Currie said he had to hang up and do his annual Manny Sanguillen interview.

After WBZ and I could not, as they say, "come to terms," I figured that I had reached a premature end as a sure-fire TV star. But now for the bad news. A couple of months later I got a call from a guy named Leo Hanna at WNBC-TV in New York. When Hanna called, I was sitting in my office in the Time & Life Building, which is catty-cornered, maybe 50 yards as the pigeon flies, from his office at NBC. Hanna explained he was looking for a sports reporter on the six o'clock news and had heard some real swell things about me from an Elay television station.

I said I don't know from nothing about an Elay station.

He said they had an audition tape of me but had rejected me for the job because I wanted too much money. I was such a greedy sonuvabitch. I said, since they never asked me how much I wanted, how could they turn me down on that basis? He said, well they had, and since I was a dead duck out there, would I be interested in the job at WNBC?

It is instructive, I think, to summarize here how the talent-scout program at WNBC works. Several months before, I

had appeared live on WNBC from that very building across the street. I was seen by a man in Boston, who recommended me to Elay, who recommended me to New York, where I started in the first place. Maybe it will not surprise you, then, to learn that WNBC is a very sickly competitor in the six o'clock news ratings in New York. Carl Stokes, the former mayor of Cleveland, was the anchor man at the time. WNBC is so low in the news ratings I think it has minus ratings. Just to stir things up, you would think that WNBC would deliver sports in Sanskrit or by semaphore. Anything.

Apparently, though, WNBC is handling the situation by toughing it out. When I came for my audition, Leo Hanna had forgotten to notify anyone about the appointment, including his own secretary, including himself, as a matter of fact—and various people accused me of being a liar, an impostor and things of that nature.

Finally, Leo Hanna told me to go do my audition, and he would call the next day. A week later he called. The conversation went like this:

"Frank."

"Lee."

"Frank, we looked at the tapes."

"Yes, Lee."

"They were terrific."

"Oh gee, Lee, that's nice to hear. The way everybody was screaming at me and everything, I wasn't at my best."

"Yes, well, we were saying it was pretty amazing how a guy who had never done any television before could come off so well."

"Oh, gee."

"But, Frank, we can't use you."

"Oh, why?"

"You don't have any experience."

There is a story in the Bible about a wedding, and there are not enough goats, so the people in charge go out on the street and drag in strangers into the wedding. Then as soon as they get this one poor devil inside, they beat him unmercifully for not being dressed properly for the wedding. *For God's sake, I know I don't have any experience.* Oh, well, I figured that concluded my stillborn TV career.

Now for the bad news. Al Primo called a few weeks later from WABC-TV. Al Primo had just fired Jim Bouton from *Cleveland Stars*. It killed him to do that. Al Primo assured me, but he just had to

do it for the good of *Eyewitness News*. I said I understood. He told me also that Win Baker had been promoted in the Westinghouse TV chain to the head office in New York (well, already we know what good taste this man has; it's about time it was recognized) and had urged Al Primo to consider me as a replacement for Jen Bouton. I'm ball five. It was so urgent that I agreed to go to WABC-TV the next day.

Looking back from the distant perspective of history, I would have to say that this was probably my high-water mark in the heady world of big-time television. That Al Primo would want to see me! In TV news this is like dying and going to heaven. Al Primo is to *Eyewitness News* what Teddy Roosevelt was to the Spanish-American War, what Ray Kroc is to hamburgers, what Judge Sirica is to third-rate burglaries. Al Primo practically invented *Eyewitness News*, happy-chatty friendly news, with dual anchorism side by side. Al Primo is Min-

ster *Eyewitness News*. When he first arrived at WABC, there was a \$100,000-a-year weatherman named Tex Antoine, who always wore a smock and drew little pictures with his "schtick" as he talked about the weather. But Al Primo was putting everybody in blazers. Tex Antoine balked, as well he might, since the smocks and the little pictures had gotten him the six figures. Al Primo said, "Tex, either everybody wears blazers or everybody wears smocks." It was a great line. Later I asked Al Primo if he actually had said that. He said, "Yeah, wasn't that a great line?"

So at the crest of my video career I got all dressed up and used cosmetics, and went to see Al Primo. I mused, "Just think, Sally Quinn probably started this same way." Al Primo was in his office, sitting with his feet up on the desk. Did you ever get the feeling, like at the start of a blind date, that you were an immediate disappointment? A complete let-down? I got that feeling the minute I

walked into Al Primo's office. It was so obvious, I might have had the feeling even if he had shaken hands with me. It was etched on his face. He wasn't just disappointed; he wasn't just let-down. You could see he was downright crestfallen. I've often wondered what Win Baker told him about me. For that matter, I've often wondered what Win Baker ever saw in me; it seems to have eluded everybody else, beginning with Gene Shalit and Edwin Newman, right on along to Al Primo. Especially Al Primo.

Once he got himself together after his initial shock and once I figured out what to do with my right hand when I understood Al Primo didn't shake hands, we managed to chat amiably for a few minutes. But then he got down to brass tacks, and especially to what was eating at him. Al Primo looked me square across his desk over his feet and this is exactly what he said: "You know, Frank, you're funny looking."

I was somewhat taken aback by this appraisal. Was this a trick, a test to see how I would react under fire? Maybe he was also going to tell me my house had just burned down. But then, maybe Al Primo was right, maybe all my life everybody has thought that I am funny looking, and only Al Primo was forthright enough to voice this opinion. I imagined people saying, "Shhh, here comes funny looking," and "Yuck, that's one funny-looking bird," and things of that nature. You can't be too sure.

But don't get me wrong. I rather liked Al Primo. He was a disarming kind of guy and, between you and me, not bad looking. Not bad looking at all. He was so sure of himself. Al Primo was so sure of himself that at one point in our conversation he admitted that he was too sure of himself. Of course, he hastened to add, this was not bad because he was inevitably right. But, he went on, if you are as sure of yourself as he was, then you may become afraid to act. He had to be on guard for that overreality.

This had something to do with his disposing of Bouton. Primo asked me what I thought of Bouton. I said he was much the best sports announcer in New York, although that might be damning him with faint praise inasmuch as I didn't think any of them were special. Certainly, I said, he wasn't in a league with Bill Currie and Warner Wolf. I knew enough by now to throw in those names. This

continues



Maybe Al Primo was right, maybe I do look funny. . .

Start something



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analysis did not sit well with Al Primo, so he changed the subject back to something dearer to his heart.

"You know why I think you're so funny-looking," he said. "It's your part. It's the part."

Gee, all along I thought I had a pretty everyday part, up there on the left side of my head. It wasn't until later that I noticed that Al Primo didn't have any part at all.

Since we didn't have much else to discuss and since he admitted to being hungry, he went through with our bargain, took his feet off the desk and took me to lunch. "Al," I said, when the conversation began to drag, "I'm interested in this funny-looking business. Perhaps you could explain. I mean, besides the part."

"Well, you dress funny too," he said, trying to be helpful. "I mean, that shirt. The blue shirt. That's a large part of it."

Actually the shirt wasn't blue, it was turquoise, but I didn't split hairs. I began looking at Al Primo. We both had suits on, both solid color with maybe a little herringbone that seemed to be cut from the same mold. Al Primo had a polka-dot shirt with a solid tie; I had a solid shirt with a polka-dot tie. Is that where I went astray? He had on Gucci loafers; I had on patent leather Italian boots. To my naked eye I wasn't a whole lot differently dressed than he was.

Mercifully for my morale, though, we stayed on the subject of fashions and I soon found out that Al Primo thought just about everyone dressed funny. This, you see, is why everyone on *Eyewitness News* has to wear blazers. They can't be trusted to pick their own clothes. (Or their own minds.) "Do you know what Grimsby will show up in sometimes?" he asked, nearly incoherently. Grimsby is Roger Grimsby, the anchorman who carries *Eyewitness News* on his snick.

"No," I said.

"Brown," Al Primo said, hissing it in a stage whisper.

"No," I said.

"Uh-huh. And Tex. He's liable to wear a checked coat or an orange tie."

I shook my head in dismay. "Of course," I ventured, "maybe it would be fun some time to see these fellows in their own clothes."

Al Primo dropped his fork and stared at me and my blue shirt and my part like I was a madman. He just checked. "We would really have to fix you up.



Bill Carr says, "I don't have to listen to the Yummies."

"You see pictures of some of the people on *Eyewitness News* before we changed them," Al Primo went on, "and you can hardly tell they're the same persons." He shook his head at the madness of it all, apparently recalling the originals of Roger Grimsby and Bill Beutel, Tex, and Milton Lewis, Rose Ann Scarnardello, Johnny Johnson, Bob Lape. From the way he laughed I could just imagine what screams they must have been as themselves.

"I'll tell you," he said as we got up from the table, "if you ever did come to work for us, you'd put in a year which you couldn't believe, you'd work so hard." It sounded very much like my old Sergeant Townsend the first night of basic training, explaining how he had to break us down to build us up. But by then Al Primo was just being polite. He even asked me to be sure and come by and audition, which would have just wasted my time and his. I decided I'd go see Bill Carr instead.

I found him in the KDKA newsroom throwing a tantrum. One of the station's executives—Carr calls them Yummies after a dog food of the same name—who resides on "Carpet Corridor" by

"Memo Alley" had issued an order that Carr and Bob Perkins, the anchorman on the evening news, could say nasty things about each other on the air only three times a week. Considered corporate opinion was that three shows (out of 10) was the proper number for put-down remarks. Any less, the idiot viewers might decide the participants were not chummy enough; any more, the idiot viewers might actually think the KDKA newsmen couldn't stand each other.

"Can you believe people sitting around and thinking up orders like that for a living?" Carr asked.

"The ridiculous thing," Perkins said, "is how anyone can believe that you can dole out ad libs. You contrive something, you deserve it. The viewers can tell."

"You see," Carr said, "the Yummies who run television are men who have never been reporters or on the air, and they cannot tolerate the notion that somebody can be popular and successful on the air merely because of his own God-given merits. They believe they must manipulate. It justifies their existence, and besides they're jealous. The guys on camera, 'the talent,' make big salaries, so it gives a great ego boost to the Yummies

revisited

to look around someone who makes more than they do.

"After my very first telecast in Pittsburgh, I got a call from up on Muro Alley. This executive said it was important for me to see him. He said I had looked like hell on the screen. So he took me over to a department store and got a makeup artist to work me over. Then they gave me the makeup and taught me how to do it myself. I took that junk back to my desk and threw it in the drawer and haven't taken it out since. Two weeks later this same executive passes me in the hall and gives me the high sign. He says, 'See, that makeup makes all the difference in the world.'"

"Then another executive decided that my hair was not right. He said to let it grow. I let it grow. I let it grow until he said it was too long. Then he told me to get it styled. I said O.K. If he thinks our ratings really depend on my hair, do I want to upset him? But you know what he actually handed me a note of instructions that I was to give to the barber. I said, 'Aren't you going to pin this on me so I won't lose it?'"

Currie is 49 now, unregenerate, and basically unchanged from his scuffling Carolina days when he broadcast hundreds of games a year, ran radio stations and wrote detective stories and dirty books in order to stay one jump ahead of creditors. Although he is now the Mouth of the Monroghahela, he still talks the same down-home Southern trash, mixing big five-dollar words with ain'ts and gonnas. "I've reached the point in my life where I really don't have to listen to the Yummies," Currie says. "I'm no rebel. I'm just too old to change. I tell them: 'Look, don't try to change me. Fire me, I don't care. Go ahead, but don't bother me.'"

Currie can afford to be independent because he is suddenly so fashionable, so in demand. If you get on the merry-go-round in a me-too business, you don't ever have to get off. Currie has had offers from virtually every large city in the country. Part of his popularity may be accounted for by the fact that the competing stations in Pittsburgh mail videotapes of Currie around in order to give him greater exposure. "But I'm too old to go," he says. "There is a point where even my ego is saturated. They call me up from San Francisco or New York or some damn place, and I say, 'Hey, when

were you 15-20 years ago? Where were you then?' I was the same guy down in North Carolina. I'm no different now. I'm just visible because I'm in a top 10 market. You bring three guys in for any job in TV—say one is from Detroit and the other two are from places like Youngstown or Charleston. If the guy from Detroit is downright unqualified and the other two are eminently deserving, you can still bet that Detroit will get the job because the Yummy who hires him can go to his boss then and say, 'Hey, we got a guy from Detroit.' So I tell those people who call me up about a job: 'Why don't you look down in Carolina? Might just be somebody down there even better than me.'"

"The only reason I ever got to a top 10 was a fluke. The salesman I hated me. No one in the business had guts enough to recommend me. I'm too different. Even when I got here the radio station wouldn't use me, not till they saw I was such a big hit on TV. Then they came after me with sweet talk.

"You see, a large part of the problem with sports news is that most of the Yummies don't pay any attention to it. It's a stepchild."

"The people I talked to at the New York stations made a point—rather proudly—about how little they cared about sports," I said.

"Sure. So when a station in Philadelphia loses a sportscaster, all they know to do is to turn to the next largest market. Who's got the best ratings there? So they take a guy out of Detroit, and Detroit takes a guy out of San Francisco. It's the Peter Principle gone wild."

"It reminds me of pro football," I said, "where every team looking for a new coach looks to hire the top assistant on the champion."

"Sure, same thing. Then you can go to the first and say we got an assistant off the winner. We got an announcer out of the next largest market. Never mind that there are probably more talented assistants coaching the Oilers or more talented announcers in Syracuse. Play it safe. Justify. Look, this is not a logical business. This is a justify business."

"I used to sell radio-advertising time. I learned early on that no matter how persuasive my figures or my arguments were, a guy would not switch his advertising to my station unless I could provide him with arguments to justify the

change to his boss. Well, it's even worse in sports because the Yummies don't care. Very few of them are even in a position to judge sports reporters. So they always play it safe. They get the guy from the next market or some left tackle who just got cut. The Yummies get jobs because of their success, not their differences, so you can be sure they aren't going out on any limbs. The system perpetuates insanity. I've always said I could save any station money by playing both parts in a typical interview."

"And, my God, the jargon, the inside stuff. Why must sports announcers be so devoted to dissecting things? If a sports announcer wants to use *Maslow*, would he be interested in how they made the scenery and whether or not Yorick's skull was really plaster of Paris? I took a camera into this hall and went out on the street and asked 100 people at random what a goat pattern was. You know how many knew? Not a single one.

"That would stun most sports announcers. They don't know their audience. Every survey ever made shows that sports is the weakest part of the news-cut, that only 25 to 30% of the viewers really care. Maybe another 25% have an interest in scores. But the rest don't give a hoot. They don't care who won or who lost, or where the franchises are this week in the World Hockey Association. They don't know what a hockey puck is. They have no opinion on Bewie Kahn. And they're very happy without being burdened with any of this information. And remember that's 50%, maybe 30%, of your total audience. You get up there and talk about zigzags and filing the lines, you're in effect telling most of your audience to go to hell. So you ask why is television sports news so bad. Well, ultimately, because nobody cares. The Yummies don't care about who they put on the air and most of the announcers don't care about the audience."

Currie drove me back to the hotel in his car which was painted Anita Bryant orange. I thanked Currie and said good night. He has just signed a new five-year contract with the station. He said he hoped it would be his last. What he would like to do then, he told me, was to get a lot of bourbon and a ruble young woman and go somewhere secluded and write a memoir entitled *Only the Call Letters Are Different*. **END**

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19THTH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE RABBIT

Sir:

Robert W. Creamer's *Aud Along Come Ruth* (March 18) evoked a boyhood memory. The time must have been between 1916, when "he was the best left-handed pitcher in baseball," and 1918, when "he began his transition from mound to outfield."

The place was Lebanon, Pa., and in the off-season Ruth, like many other big-leaguers, had opted for the infields and outfield of industrial baseball, the Bethlehem Steel League in this instance. He did not, however, either pitch or play the outfield; he played first base for Lebanon.

He apparently worked only mornings, because afternoons found him on the diamond and 3:30 a.m. found him stammering along to the Bethlehem plant by way of 7th and Chasman Streets, where he picked up a *Pittsburgh Courier* from this newsboy every morning the team was in town.

ROBERT C. HYMAN

Lafayette, Miss.

Sir:

What might have happened to the Babe's career if the designated hitter had been permitted in his time? If the present American League rule had been in effect then, Ruth could have taken his regular pitching turn as long as his arm stayed good—barring his himself. Then, between his turns on the mound, he could have been the designated hitter, with no need to play the outfield.

Barring the possibility of his arm giving out, he would have become, in addition to the game's top home-run hitter (at least until 1934), one of the top left-handed pitchers of all time, ranking along with Greve, Plank, Waddell, Hubbell, Koufax, Spahn, etc.

HOWARD W. MILLER

Tulsa

Sir:

Just seeing the cover I knew that this would be a great issue. Ruth did more for sports than any other person ever will do. More than the Aarons, more than the Bunches, more than the Howes or Nicklaus or Lintas. The Babe will always be No. 1.

TOM KUMAR

Uniondale, N.Y.

Sir:

Just want to add my admiration for a superb job of research by Mr. Creamer that brings Ruth alive to a new generation. We can all thank Mr. Creamer's uncle for taking him to his first Yankee game.

BILL DONAGY

Philadelphia

SLAUGHTER

Sir:

Robert F. Jones' sensitivity for life and for sport is apparent in this delicate and brutal article (*Slaughter on South Island*, March 18). He has made readers aware of an existing problem and has personified it so beautifully that sportsmen the world over will weep a little to themselves—as I did.

ROBERT W. SMITH

Seattle

Sir:

After serving in Vietnam with the 401st Airborne Division 1968-70, I found the slaughter of the South Island red deer a familiar story. My only regret is not being able to bring down these helicopters with rifle fire. A bloody good thrill should be shared by you and beast alike. I prefer the animal's viewpoint.

J. V. WILLIAMS

North Jackson, Ohio

Sir:

The grim face of the red deer of New Zealand is a perfect example of a wilderness absent of predators.

I hope hunters and stockmen read this article and learn something from it. Maybe they will think twice before they kill every last wolf, coyote, eagle, etc. Don't they realize when the predators are gone, we will be the ones who will suffer?

The best solution to the whole problem of sheepherders vs. predators in the U.S. would be for the sheepmen to move their sheep to New Zealand, which is free of predators, and we would be rid of poisons and traps on our government lands.

JANE MAGON

Lynnwood, Wash.

Sir:

Bravo to Robert F. Jones and SI. As I pondered this work, I was haunted by Jack Olsen's *The Poisoning of the West* (March 8, 1971 at op. 1), which SI courageously printed three years ago. My only criticism of Mr. Jones' work is that he brought this outrage to our attention when it seems to be too late to do anything about it.

I must say that I am relieved to know that America has not cornered the market on the Neanderthal mentality. Dick Duker certainly has a "piece of the pie." He wonders aloud why the slaughter is not halted—shortly after he has butchered at least 10 deer. No one forced him to pull the trigger.

Such atrocities must be halted.

JAMES A. KARNNEY JR.

Dorchen, Ga.

continued



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(Publishers Weekly)

15TH HOLE continued

Sir,

If it is necessary to reduce the size of the herd because of food shortage, I would hope that the people of New Zealand would have enough sense to kill only male deer during the breeding season. To kill does during this period is not only inhumane but destroys next year's crop. It is a very wasteful practice. As for the killing procedure, it is strictly meat butchering, but I must say that it is a hundred times more humane than bow-and-arrow hunting is in this country. No one really knows how many deer die with arrows carelessly shot into them each year. These poor deer suffer sometimes for many days, while in New Zealand it seems that most of the kills are pretty clean.

CARL L. KLEIMAN

Milwaukee

Sir,

As an always trying but rarely successful deer hunter, I am truly appalled. I am not especially fairhearted, but just reading the first page almost made me cry. If Mr. Jones thinks that slaughter—there is no other word for it—is "bloodily exciting," I truly question his and his hunters' sanity. However, I certainly agree with Dick Dusk that the slaughter should be replaced by controlled, licensed hunting, possibly the way it happened here in the West, before the market hunter eliminated the species.

DANIEL L. S. VIGOREL

Los Angeles

Sir,

I hadn't realized until how perverse a state our world had actually degenerated. It is gross, at best, to imagine mature men with high-powered rifles and helicopters hunting unarmed animals. It is systematic slaughter, as outrageous as any recorded war atrocity.

STEVE STARR

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir,

Unfortunately most people never get the chance to have the gratifying experience of hunting, as so usually described by Robert Jones. The pleasing sight of a panicked deer in your scope, the feeling of pulling the trigger, of seeing an unfortunate creature choking in agony, must be incomparable.

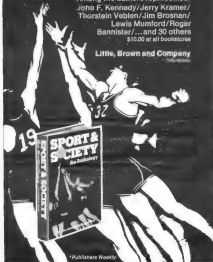
Most of the credit for the continuance of this great sport lies with the intelligent hunter. The practice and wit of these men can only be exemplified by the routine of this sport. Backed with only a helicopter, high-powered weapon and firing at point-blank range, they can actually bring down something as ferocious as deer or coyote. Thanks again for the fine coverage of this growing sport.

ROBERT MARVIN

San Diego

(continued)

85



*Publishers Weekly

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Walt Frazier won't brush with anything else?



One-on-one, nobody gets past New York Knick star Walt Frazier. Not the biggest guy in the league, not even tomorrow's superstar. But basically Walt is a team player... a man who has the knack of getting people to work together smoothly. On the court and off. Maybe that's why Walt Frazier is a Colgate man.

Colgate is a toothpaste for people who get together with people. It freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash, as clinical test results show. And the taste is brisk and clean.

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If you like people, be sure you brush with Colgate. Walt Frazier wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



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1976 WIDE WORLD

SMARLE

Sir:

Realizing that Curry Kirkpatrick (*For UCLA In Soccer*, March 18) must construe his reporting on the winners, I am not so limited and would like to take this opportunity to congratulate and thank a basketball team that was anything but a loser—the Maryland Terrapins. Regardless of their achievements over the past three seasons, among them 73 victories, an NIT championship and national stature for a perennial loser, the epitaph of the Tom McMillen-Loy Etness era will undoubtedly be their three straight close losses in the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament final. Although they again lost a heartbreaker this year, 100-100 in overtime to N.C. State, the courage that the Maryland athletes displayed and the caliber of basketball that they produced were a credit to themselves, the ACC and all of basketball. It was perhaps even more the loss of the NCAA than it was of the Terrapins that they did not appear in the NCAA tournament again this year.

ROGER W. KOEHLER

Andrew AFB, Md.

Sir:

No one with any degree of basketball savvy would dare to compare Western Kentucky to Seamon Hall or Statton. Curry Kirkpatrick, obviously an ex-ice hockey coach from Hong Kong, has tried his best to downgrade WKU and the whole Ohio Valley Conference by using Western's (annual) victory over Dayton as a negative measure of the latter's strength. Dayton's true strength can be measured by its victory over Notre Dame and its triple-overtime loss to UCLA. Western has always had a top-quality basketball program, and the level of competition in the OVC taken a backseat to no other conference.

B. S. TRENDS

Lowville

Sir:

The spectacle of an admittedly mediocre North Carolina State basketball team playing the Eastern Regionals on its home court and then traveling down the road a few miles to Greensboro to contest the NCAA championship battles to the haphazard way the NCAA sets out to determine the No. 1 college basketball team in the country. It detracts from the contests, and certainly from any North Carolina State victories, when the Wolfpack's opponents in such important games all have to cope with the disadvantage that accrues to visiting teams.

There are obvious ramuses in this situation if the NCAA is, indeed, more concerned about as fair as possible a determination of the No. 1 team than about the commercial aspects of the regional and national playoffs. One avenue would be to

continued

Beware of 4-channel systems that don't play everything in 4-channel.

There's only one way to hear everything in 4-channel sound. And that's with a discrete 4-channel system. Like the Panasonic RE-8484. A six-piece home entertainment system that can play everything in 4-channel. Discrete and matrix.

And everything includes hundreds of discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. All the 4-channel records. Even the 4-channel broadcasts on FM radio.

What is 4-channel sound?

Since the 50's, most music has been recorded in stereo, or two parts. That's 2-channel sound. Now there's a revolutionary new way to hear music. In four parts. And that's called 4-channel sound.

But unlike stereo, there are two types of 4-channel sound. Discrete. And matrix. All 4-channel tapes are recorded by the discrete method. But not records.

Discrete or Matrix?

Both start with 4 separate channels of sound.

With matrix, there's a compromise. The 4 channels are crowded into 2 channels on the record. Then they're converted back to 4 channels on the way to the speakers. But the channels aren't completely separate anymore. They overlap. So you lose separation.

With discrete CD-4 records, the 4 channels of sound are recorded as 4 separate channels. So you hear 4 separate and distinct channels of sound.

The Discrete Record Companies.

Such companies as Warner, Elektra, Atlantic,

RCA, Nonesuch, and Project 3 selected the discrete method to produce 4-channel records. Which they call CD-4 Quadradiscs. So now you can hear your favorite artists on discrete 4-channel CD-4 records.

The CD-4 Artists.

Carly Simon, Frank Sinatra, Aretha Franklin, Hugo Montenegro.



Charley Pride, Enoch Light, Seals & Crofts, Bette Midler, Nat Stuckey, And Bread. Just to name a few.



The Everything System.

The Panasonic RE-8484. Plays discrete 4-channel CD-4 records. Discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. And can be adapted for discrete 4-channel FM broadcasts should they become a reality. It even has our exclusive Quadraplex™ circuitry. To play matrix 4-channel records and broadcasts. And enhance the sound of stereo records, tapes, and radio.

The RE-8484 has a full-size automatic record changer. With built-in discrete CD-4 demodulator and a CD-4 semi-conductor cartridge. A must for CD-4 records.

There's also a built-in 8-track tape player. As well as an FM/AM and FM stereo radio with FET's and a tuned RF stage. And four 6½" air-suspension speakers.

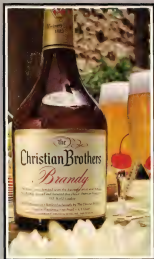
The RE-8484 is just one of our group of 4-channel systems called Series 44™.

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18TH HOLE *revisited*

schedule the playoffs much later in the season, when locations could be chosen that would minimize any home-court/home-crowd advantages.

RAY CALDWELL

Arlington, Va.

BREXEN CHECK?

Sir:

If Tanzania's President Nyerere is impeached because of his ban on hunting wildlife (Sportsman, March 18), I suppose it will be the first time a sign is called on account of game.

PHIL HARTROCK

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

JEMBO

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's March 4 cover article assailed Jerry Connors as an unbelievably cocky, intolerable, overgrown boy of 21. It was oil on the troubled waters of my sports soul to turn to *Sanders of Harvard*. Tom Sanders obviously is a fine man with a real feeling of the balance sports and education should take in a young man's life.

KATHARINE WALLACE

Palo Alto, Calif.

THE DRAFT

Sir:

The NFL has discovered (Sportsman, March 18) that teams which were above average in 1972 won fewer games in 1973, whereas below-average teams in 1972 won more games in 1973. This is cited as proof that the rich are getting poorer and vice versa and, implicitly, as evidence that the draft serves to equalize teams in ability.

The figures show nothing of the sort, but are an example of a pervasive statistical phenomenon called regression to the mean. As another example, if American fathers were divided into those taller than average and those shorter than average, the typical son of the taller group would be shorter than his father, while the typical son of the shorter group would be taller than his father. Not even the NFL would be inclined to argue that this demonstrates a tendency toward all Americans being the same height.

NEIL MACMILLAN

Brooklyn

ERASURE JORDAN

Sir:

In reading Pat Jordan's article (*Strong, Silent, Enduring*, March 11), I could not help but be appalled at his often slanted and misleading approach to the managerial career of Walter Ahaas.

No one should have to defend a career as remarkable as Ahaas's, particularly when his tactical moves, strategy and astute handling of men have been demonstrated with excellence for well over 30 years. Mr. Jordan's

revisited



SMALLER OUTSIDE THAN A BEETLE. MORE LEGROOM INSIDE THAN AN ELDORADO.

For some unaccountable reason, the past 20 years have produced cars that are bigger and bigger outside, yet smaller and smaller inside.

In view of this trend, both you and your anatomy should find the Fiat 128 refreshing.

Thanks to a sideways-mounted engine and other engineering refinements, a full 80% of the 128's space

is devoted to you and your luggage.

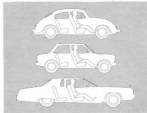
In fact, while the car is 6 inches shorter than the VW Super Beetle, it gives you more legroom than that somewhat more expensive 2-door Cadillac Eldorado.* A car over 5½ feet longer.

Roominess, however, is not the only feature that makes the Fiat 128 rather remarkable for a car of its size.

It also offers front-wheel drive, self-adjusting front disc brakes, all-independent suspension, standard radial tires and rack-and-pinion steering.

In addition, there's one last thing that's even more incredible.

The Fiat 128 takes you a long way on a gallon of gas. That makes it as easy on the human pocketbook as it is on the human anatomy.

*Based on November 19, 1977 issue of Automotive News.


FIAT

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10TH HOLE continued

implication that Walter's musing has only been adequate is simply ridiculous.

I must admit that I have a more special interest in Walter Alston than the typical Alston admirer. I had the pleasure of collaborating with Walter on *The Complete Baseball Who's Who*. My mention of this is not to sell more books, because it already has grossed more money than any other instructional book on baseball. I simply want to tell your readers that based on some 50 hours of tape-recorded sessions in which I tested him question after question, I am convinced that his knowledge of the game, strategy and methods of handling players are as solid as his growing legend as one of the greatest managers of all time.

Sacramento

Dave Winson

Sir:

Reporter Pat Jordan's well-researched article on Dodger Manager Walter Alston confirms one of my lifetime suspicions—the major league baseball manager is the most underrated commodity in the sports world.

Bruce A. Jacobs

Los Angeles

SITTING TIGHT

Sir:

I am sure that you do not wish to be confused by the facts, but I am going to respond to your article *The High Cost of Sitting* (Sportsweek, March 11) anyway.

There never has been any plan advocated, designed or implemented by the University of Oklahoma that calls for bidding on seats at Memorial Stadium. Though such a plan was reported in the local press, it was never considered by the university. Furthermore, there never has been any plan that called for allocating seats, either by yard line or by section, to donors of specified amounts of money.

In reality, what the University of Oklahoma is proposing to do is simply extend recognition to individuals who contribute to its interests as well as its athletic programs. This is a simple variation of priority programs in operation in at least 30 American universities, among them the universities of Southern California, Arkansas, South Carolina and North Carolina, as well as the other seven Big Eight Conference institutions. The difference between the University of Oklahoma program and those of many other schools is our recognition of academic as well as athletic contributors.

Mike McCallum

Stadium Expansion Coordinator

Norman, Okla.

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